The Outlook

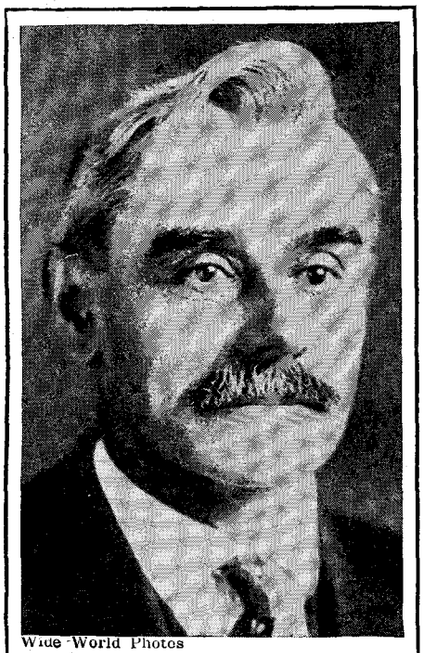
Volume 141 October 21, 1925 Number 8

The Legion and the Air Service

THE supporters of Colonel Mitchell went before the Convention of the American Legion, pleading for an indorsement of his criticisms of the Air Service. The Legion adopted a resolution, the most significant paragraph of which reads:

> The Legion, in National Convention assembled, is profoundly impressed with the proposal to reorganize our National defense under one Cabinet officer, with subdivisions of equal importance for the land, sea, and air forces, because of the promised centralized control, enhanced efficiency, and economy in operation.

Colonel Mitchell's name is not mentioned in the resolution, but the resolution is a virtual indorsement of one of his chief contentions.



Wide World Photos

John Rea McQuigg

THE Legion in its Convention in Omaha chose as its Commander for next year John Rea McQuigg, lawyer and banker of East Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. McQuigg was Commander of the Ohio Department of the American Legion in 1920–1. He served in the overseas as an engineer officer was wounded in action.

No one has a better right to discuss the problems of our National defense than the American Legion. It acted properly in declining to mention Colonel Mitchell by name in its resolution. The friends of Colonel Mitchell would have acted more wisely if they had not attempted to bring his name into the picture. It is not in accord with American traditions for army officers to appeal to civil bodies for support in a controversy with their superiors.

The Tide of Industrial Consolidation

THERE are indications that a new era of business and industrial consolidation is beginning in the United States. There is not in this anything particularly surprising. To persons whose thinking has gone much beneath the surface it has appeared for a long time inevitable, as possibly the only road to development leading elsewhere than to Government ownership. But the indications are, too, that the thing may be accomplished without undue official interference and with a pretty full measure of public approval. Heretofore there has been sometimes official interference where it was not needed even if there may have been lack of it where it was needed, and always there has been a considerable section of the public which looked upon any consolidation as an infringement of the public right. This section of the public, or a part of it, looked more or less longingly, perhaps, toward Government ownership. But the number holding this view has apparently dwindled and the number looking favorably upon legitimate consolidation has as evidently increased.

That the Federal Government, at least, is not to interfere needlessly with business is shown by the recent report of William J. Donovan, assistant to the Attorney-General in charge of anti-trust work. Mr. Donovan makes it clear that cases involving violations of law will be vigorously prosecuted, but he makes it equally clear that "the investigation of unsubstantial complaints that tend to the unsettlement of private business" will not be permitted to clutter the Department and confuse the country. Crystallization of this attitude in the Department of Justice under Attorney-General Sargent has been indicated by the Attorney-General himself on several occasions.

The indication of public approval of this course comes from newspaper comment, not on the report of the assistant to the Attorney-General, but upon a specific action of the Secretary of Agriculture.

Two years or more ago the Armour and the Morris packing interests were consolidated. Something of a storm of protest arose, with charges of violations of the Anti-Trust Law. After some delay, Henry C. Wallace, then Secretary of Agriculture, began dissolution proceed-

(C) Keystone

Dwight F. Davis

JOHN W. WEEKS, Secretary of War, has resigned from the Cabinet. It has been announced that his place will be filled by Dwight F. Davis, who has ably served as Acting Secretary of War during Secretary Weeks's illness. Mr. Davis first acquired international fame as the organizer of international tennis and donor of the Davis Trophy.

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ings. Quite recently the present Secretary of Agriculture, W. M. Jardine, dismissed the proceedings, holding that the consolidation did not create a monopoly or anything like one, and that if the law is violated by the consolidated concern he has ample powers under the Packers and Stockyards Act to punish the offender.

Two years ago there would have been widespread condemnation of this action by the daily press. Now practically all newspaper comment, from Republican and Democratic sources alike, commends the action of Secretary Jardine. Evidently the newspapers, at least, have realized the fact that the tide of consolidation is on the rise and that those who stand in its way are likely to be submerged.

The Shipping Board Defies the President

THE United States Shipping Board has embarked upon a dangerous course by withdrawing the authority conferred upon the Emergency Fleet Corporation to operate Government-owned ships and by removing Admiral Leigh C. Palmer as President of the Corporation and virtually sole director of operations. Direction of operations reverts to the Shipping Board, a semi-judicial body composed of a number of men who have never been able to agree among themselves. The action of the Board amounts practically to defiance of the President. It was at the insistence of President Coolidge that control of operations was placed in the hands of a single man, the President of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. That the President had not changed his mind and decided in favor of operation by the Board is proved by the fact that only a few days before the upset he had appointed a special investigator to make a thorough study of the whole situation, involving both the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Conceivably, the President might have been ready to recommend some changes upon the completion of this study. The Board, even if it had decided to defy the President, might have had the patience and the courtesy to await the outcome of the investigation. Instead, it warped the whole scheme askew before the President's representative had time fairly to begin his work.

The theory upon which the action appears to have been taken is that the Shipping Board was by Congress created independent of Executive authority. This theory, of course, is as fallacious as it is pernicious. Congress has no power to set up an executive agency and clothe it with power to act independently of the President's executive authority. If this sort of thing could be done once, it could be done endlessly. All of the powers of the President could be shorn away and the executive branch of the Government be dissipated through numberless independent boards.

The only sound theory upon which the Board's assertion of independence could be based is that it is purely a judicial and not at all an executive body. And this, of course, it is not. It has judicial duties, to be sure, but it has also executive duties. This very matter of operating ships is an important executive function. The Board might have gone some way toward making itself independent of Presidential authority by restricting itself to its judicial functions, but it loses that opportunity by the very act of resuming control of operations.

The point is sought to be made that the Shipping Board is in all respects like the Inter-State Commerce Commission. To a certain extent, the two are alike. Each of them has the duty of regulating rates and practices; but the Inter-State Commerce Commission does not operate any railroads, while the Shipping Board insists upon its right to operate ships. The Commission has no authority under the law to operate roads, but the Board has authority under the law to operate ships. It follows, therefore, that, while the Commission may not be subject to Presidential authority, the Board necessarily is.

This fact appears to be more clearly recognized by everybody else than by the Board itself. Already it has become fairly clear that public opinion is with the President and against the Shipping Board.

The Shipping Board Should Be Mended or Ended

THE causes leading to the drastic and definite action of the Shipping Board are complicated and have been operative for a long time. The effects are as yet conjectural, but they are likely to be far-reaching. Already a great deal more has resulted than the mere removal of Admiral Palmer. Immediately after the ousting Admiral Hutchinson L. Cone, Vice-President and General Manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, submitted his resignation. A few days later Commander S. P. Fullinwider, assistant to the President of the Corporation, resigned. Not only has the Corporation lost heavily of its officials, but the Shipping Board itself has lost one of its members and another has been asked to resign.

Frederick I. Thompson, of Alabama, a Democrat, resigned with the candid statement that he wished to be free to fight for the policies he has advocated as a member of the Board. These are the policies which resulted in removal of Admiral Palmer and are directly opposed to the policies of the President. Mr. Thompson was one of the leaders in bringing about the upset. Plummer, of Maine, Vice-President of the Board and a Republican, voted with him. So did Benson and Haney. It is the latter, Bert E. Haney, of Oregon, who has been asked to resign, and has thus far refused to do so. The request for his resignation came before the ousting of Admiral Palmer and resulted directly from his criticisms of the President.

Both Thompson and Haney held recess appointments from the President. It is understood in Washington that the President probably will not seek to force Haney out, but will simply decline when Congress meets to submit his name to the Senate. It is said also that he will not submit any name for appointment to the place vacated by Thompson, but will deliberately leave two vacancies on the Board.

That the President will ask for repeal or drastic modification of the Shipping Board Act is hardly to be doubted. It is scarcely less a matter of doubt that he will call upon Congress to abolish the Shipping Board and set up some more adequate agency.

The Shipping Board Act was passed during the period of world upheaval. It has always been something of a monstrosity, but it served for an emergency. It should have been repealed or drastically amended long ago.

The City and the Child

AS a result of a survey of health conditions and teaching in eighty-six cities lately carried on by the American Child Health Association, of which Secretary Hoover is President, it appea that large differences exist in the way which children are protected in citie sections. The places studied were n very large nor very small, bu from 40,000 to 70,000 in popul

The picture drawn of actual c shows increasing civic attenti

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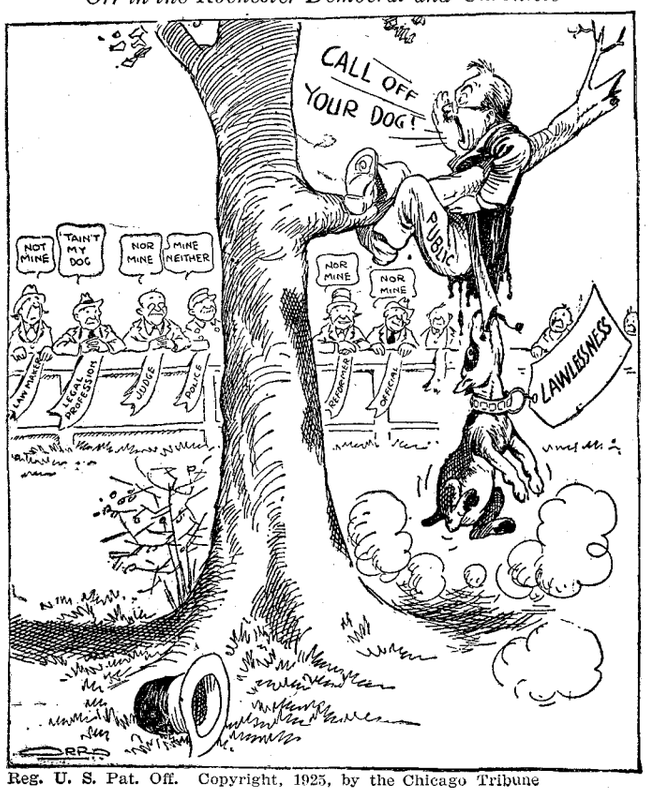
The law protects not us

(Cymbeline, Act IV, Scene 2)

Orr in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle

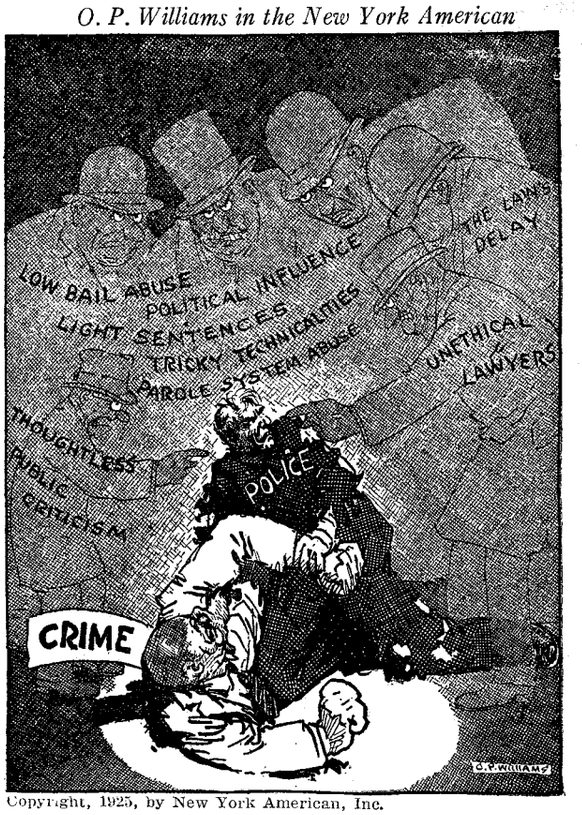


Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1925, by the Chicago Tribune

The responsibility duckers

From Mrs. James L. Whitford, Bath, N. Y.

O. P. Williams in the New York American



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The odds he's up against

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Morris in the Buffalo Evening Post

Canning time

Irs. F. A. Goldthwaite, Buffalo, N. Y.

Gale in the Los Angeles Times

The skeleton in our closet

From Isabelle M. Horn, South Pasadena, Cal.

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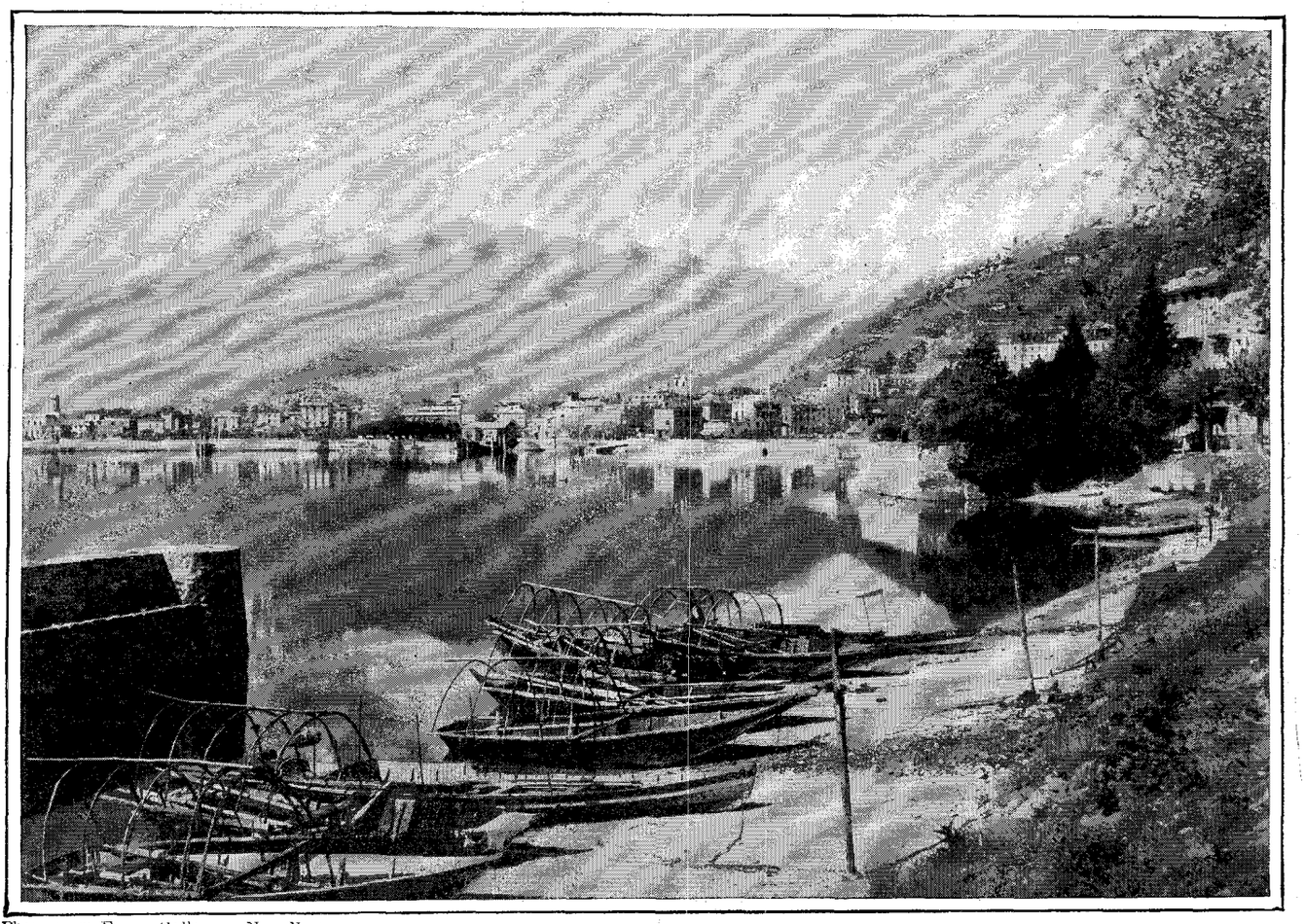

Photo from Ewing Galloway, New York

Locarno, Switzerland, Seat of the Security Conference

subject, but with plenty of room for improvement. The small city, says a digest of the survey, "provides its children with good water to drink but feeds them milk of doubtful quality. It surrounds them with regulations to curb communicable disease, but at the same time withholds much of the real protection that it is possible to provide. Its human bookkeeping records are faulty and it fails adequately to teach the child and his parents how to be healthy. It does not equip the official health departments with people who are trained for the work and who are paid enough to give their entire time to the position, nor does it appropriate funds that are adequate for the serious duty of promoting public health. The bright spot, the committee adds, is that most communities realize their shortcomings, and some have already progressed very far in their health advancement efforts."

Specific findings relating to the subject of communicable disease are interesting as showing typical weak spots in guarding children, and the urgent need of bringing up the whole country to standards set in well-controlled places.

Typhoid fever is two or three times as prevalent in the cities of the South Atlantic and East South Central States as in other sections.

Hospital provisions for cases of communicable disease are provided in most cities, but eighteen are still without local facilities.

In forty-nine cities with compulsory vaccination a question test of several hundred fifth-grade school-children in each city indicated that 87 per cent were vaccinated. In the cities where vaccination is not compulsory a similar test indicated but 56 per cent vaccinated. Judging by this index, the cities of New England are best protected against smallpox. In one city of the Central West but 16 per cent of the children questioned reported having been vaccinated.

The prevention of diphtheria by immunization of children with toxin-antitoxin has been undertaken by the organized health agencies in forty of the cities, one city having a record of 4,900 children thus protected in the preceding year.

The American Child Health Association deserves credit and praise for providing the facts from which American communities may learn upon just what lines organization of health work, with the selection of an adequate personnel to enforce it, may be best carried on.

At Locarno

A DECIDEDLY hopeful tone marks the reports of the informal discussions at the Locarno Conference over the proposed security pacts. No formal action had been taken up to October 13, nor any definite drafts of agreements made public, but this meeting is largely one in which the give and take of negotiation must precede action. As Mr. Chamberlain pointed out, such private negotiation is not "secret diplomacy," like hidden treaties, but the necessary prelude to fair united action, or, as he put it in homely simile, "We cook the meal in the kitchen, but when it is ready it will be served openly in the world parliaments."

One interesting development has been Italy's consent to join in the establishing of neutrality in the Rhine section as desired by Great Britain and France, and without acceptance of German amending demands. There had been some question as to whether Italy was quite in line with her former allies on the security pact question, but this action of hers seems to show the contrary.

There seems to be no unadjustable difference as to the measures for the security of the western (or Rhine

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tier, but Germany's eastern frontier is, as we write, still a troublesome question. One possible outcome is that France should simply base its right to protect Poland and Czechoslovakia on Article XVI of the League Covenant, without asserting it in the security pact, and that Germany should withdraw her proposal for an agreement of the Powers to consider changes in the Versailles Treaty and League Covenant.

If Germany becomes a member-nation of the League, she will be equally liable with other nations to be called upon to enforce by economic boycott or in the last resort by armed force penalties against a country which should flatly disobey the League. Germany thinks that she should be released from this obligation because of her presnt weakness, both military and economic. But, if she is to be so released, the door is opened to tampering with League and Covenant. The likelihood of Germany's being called on to act thus as defender of the League against disobedient members is not great.

Probably some way can be found to reconcile the right of Germany's eastern neighbors to receive protection from France against future German attack and the admission of Germany into the League. On that point the negotiation seems to turn.

Mosul, the League, and the Powers

It may seem out of proportion as to world importance that a part of one of the three vilayets of Irak (Mesopotamia) should be a dangerous and disturbing element internationally. Yet the Prime Minister of England in his recent speech at Brighton declared that, much as English sentiment hesitated as to the cost involved in renewing in 1928 the mandate over Irak, Great Britain was committed to insure Irak's stability and progress. Not to admit this, as Colonel Amery had done before the League of Nations, would have been, said Mr. Baldwin, "to prejudice fatally the cause of Irak before the League, and it would have been an act of folly from the point of view of those who urged economy to sacrifice the richest part of the territory Irak, and the substitution of an indefensible for a defensible frontier would undone all the great work of recent and left us with complete chaos in

Faisal of Irak, during the recent elaborate study of Mosul by the League's Commission, said that British military occupation was established after the Armistice and after the retreat of the Turks in Mosul as well as in the other two vilayets of Irak, and that it is impossible both strategically and economically for a government in Bagdad to live if Mosul is detached from it and held by another government.

In this disputed section of Irak live Kurds, Arabs, Christians, Turks, Yezudi, and Jews, in that order as to numbers. Turkey holds that this section never did pass over to Irak after the war. The League's Commission seems to think that Turkey has some legal basis for that claim, but that she should renounce any such right because of her agreement to accept the Commission's report, the main finding of which is that the *status quo* should be maintained and with general consent Great Britain's mandate be renewed for twenty-five years after its expiration in 1928.

The principal question that the Council of the League has laid before the Permanent Court of Justice at The Hague is whether the Council is competent under the Treaty of Lausanne to give a binding arbitral award. Turkey asserts that she was given to understand the contrary, and she also asserts that Lord Curzon at Lausanne promised Turkey, not only that the League's Council would not act on Mosul except by a unanimous vote, but also that Turkey, if the case arose, should have a seat and a vote—all of which British authorities deny—and she adds that she means to assist and defend her claim to the disputed territory.

The whole question is complex and bids fair to keep the Hague Court, the League of Nations, and the diplomats busy. That it will end in warfare is improbable, but not impossible if the Turks continue their repeatedly reported deportation of non-Turks from the disputed territory—a positive infraction of definite promises made by them as to Mosul at Lausanne.

The Fascist Refashioning of Italy

If the highly censored despatches from Italy are to be believed, Mussolini is consolidating his gains.

Though the Fascisti are anti-Socialists, there is much in Fascism that is as far from the American spirit of independence and self-reliance as Socialism is.

According to the despatches, Mussolini is planning a reorganization of industry on a basis of partnership between capital and labor. There is to be, we are told, one big federation of Fascist labor unions and one big federation of employers' organizations. All questions between employers and employees are to be settled between these two bodies. It is the supplanting of the class war by class co-operation.

This plan involves the abolition of the secret shop committees and the substitution of committees appointed by the heads of the Fascist unions.

Over the two big organizations will stand the state to see that each treats the other fairly and that both regard the rights of the public.

But Mussolini is not content with this change. He is making his reorganization of Italy not only industrial but political. The Grand Fascist Council has decided to make the Italian Senate an elective body. At present the Senate consists of princes and of members nominated for life. Rome is to be administered by a governor, chosen by the Italian Government, assisted by two vice-governors, by ten technical experts called rectors, and eighty consultors chosen by such bodies as the Chamber of Commerce, Bankers' Association, and Professors' Association; and each municipality of 5,000 inhabitants or less is to be administered by an executive chosen also by the Central Government and called a *podesta.*

Machiavellian Mussolini

All this seems to come rather too suddenly and too perfectly as a well-rounded plan of class co-operation and political reformation to be accepted quite at its face value. Even, however, if it is not accepted as an accomplished fact, it is significant enough as a new development in the Fascist programme. Both the new plan of municipal government and that of changed relations in industry indicate that Fascist Italy looks to the past for life, for guidance, and for the hope of progress and prosperity, rather than to its recent experience as a modern constitutional state.

Similar in some respects as the methods of Mussolini are to those of the Bolshevist oligarchy in Russia, they are essentially different because they are essentially Italian. It must not be thought that Mussolini is driving out democratic government from Italy; for it would not be accurate to say that Italy has had democratic government in the sense in

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which we understand it. Italy has little to lose by scrapping many of its more recent experiments and theories, especially of the imported kind, and much to gain by searching for guidance in its own past. Fascism may not be able to revive in modern industry the organization, the life, and the aims of its ancient guilds, but it may learn from a study of them the spirit which made them great and helpful in the economic life of the past, and it may utilize that spirit as a force in the modern industrial state. Similarly, Fascism may find in the records of its signories, its communes, and its little republics material for fashioning a form of government more nearly suitable to Italian life than what has been called parliamentary government.

Mussolini is an avowed disciple of Machiavelli, but there is little indication that any other Italian politician has much more real faith in democracy than he has. A recent official *communiqué* refers to the "absurd presumption of general governmental capacity." In America, as in England, that presumption is based upon generations of experience in self-government which has never existed in Italy. Mussolini's programme would be outrageous in America, but that does not lessen its value as a subject for open-minded study.

In the meanwhile Signor Mussolini might at least relax the rigor of the present limitations on discussions at home and abroad.

Exit Baseball, Enter Football

THE World Series (a grandiloquent title, perhaps, as the world outside of this country and Cuba takes little interest in baseball) is undecided as we write. The score of games was then: Washington, 3; Pittsburgh, 3. The tie, weather permitting, was to be settled by the seventh game on Wednesday, October 14.

The many thousands who have watched the games and the many more thousands who have listened to the radio broadcasting play by play have certainly had their full of excitement, for there has been free batting, extraordinary plays in the field, and many tense moments. As to the last, it would be hard to find in baseball records anything to beat the exciting moment in the first half of the ninth inning in the third game when, the Pirates at the bat and needing one run to tie, there were two men out, three on bases, two strikes, and three balls. Washington won; but the crisis was one more often read about in boys' stories than seen in the field.

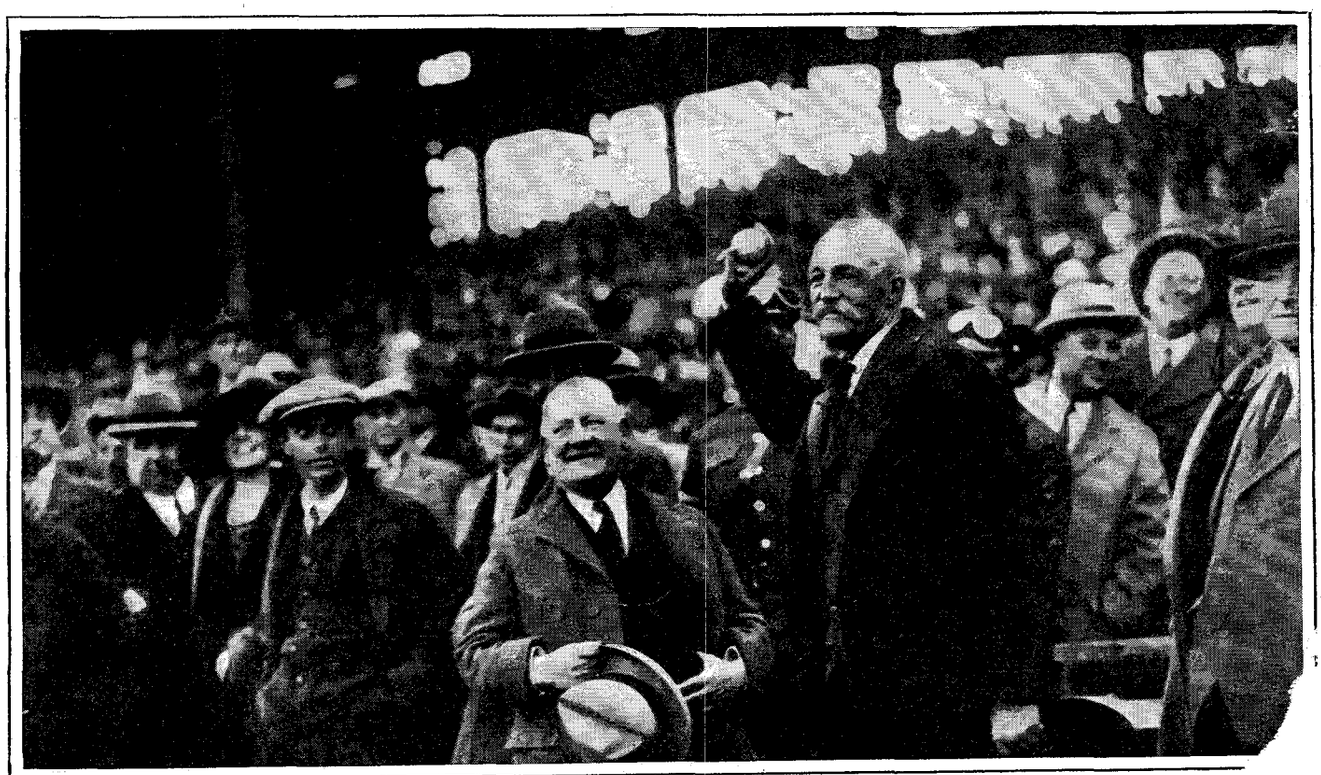
The country at large has, we think, rather enjoyed the fact that the biggest cities and richest clubs have been out of this contest. The pep and skill of Washington and Pittsburgh have shown that baseball ability is not restricted to cities like New York and Chicago. And now for the football season, from which radio fans as well as stadium onlookers will draw excitement and entertainment.

A Fighting Veteran

WALTER JOHNSON, pitcher of the Washington American League team, furnished a new reminder during the World Series that professional sports have been, perhaps, too insistent upon the first flush of youth as a necessary equipment. Johnson, in his later thirties, is an old, old man in baseball. But, old and seriously injured, he accomplished in the series against Pittsburgh what few, if any, young men could have done.

Last year, when Washington contended successfully against the New York Nationals for World honors, was supposed to have been Walter Johnson's final year as an active player.

This year, through a strenuous season, "the old man" did his full share toward pitching and batting Washington to victory in the American League. He pitched the first game against Pittsburgh, at Pittsburgh, and won it easily. He pitched the fourth game at home, and won easily over Pittsburgh, despite the fact that Johnson was so seriously injured in the fourth inning that his team mates did not believe he could go on.



P. & A. Photos

Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, performs the customary ceremony of throwing out the first ball of the World's Seri

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If the plans for Johnson's becoming a manager had gone through, the argument for youth only in baseball would have been strengthened. But he continued in active work, and practically demonstrated the possibilities of the recuperative power of a great, well-ripened player.

Unveiling Antiquity

DISCOVERIES that link antiquity with historic knowledge are constantly reported from the exploration expeditions now in the Near East. One of special interest to Biblical students is the uncovering by the American explorers who represent the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania of the Temple of Ashtoreth at Beisan, in Palestine. The expedition has been working at this site for four seasons, and it has dug through the remains of eight periods of old life, beginning at the top with what was left in evidence of the occupation of the Crusaders, then layer by layer disclosing evidences of occupation by Arabs, Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians.

It was at a depth of about thirty-five feet that the Temple of Ashtoreth was found. This, as all readers of the Old Testament will remember, was built by the Philistines, and in it was hung the battle armor of Saul, the Hebrew king, after the defeat of the Israelites at the battle of Gilboa. Saul's armor has not been discovered, but many things pertaining to the use of the worship of the goddess Ashtoreth (or Astarte), including an image of the goddess herself, were dug up. The temple may be three thousand years old.

The explorers who are working under the French Institute of Oriental Archæology have recently made a number of notable discoveries in Egypt at points near Cairo, Thebes, and elsewhere. One of the most remarkable finds is that of burial-places in which were interred bodies of Egyptians in almost prehistoric times, when the later Egyptian ideas of burial in mummy form had not begun. Many such ancient relics of humanity were found buried without even coffins.

Another notable discovery in Egypt is that of a large and beautiful temple apparently built in the time of the last of the Ptolemies and actually finished by three Roman emperors. Among the inscriptions in the temple occurs the name of Trajan. Some of these inscriptions and sculptures date back nearly four thousand years, so that the temple represents the culture of widely distant periods. Here, as in other recent discoveries, were found many intimate relics of home life, such as children's toys and workmen's tools, domestic pottery, and art glass work.

Wide World Photos

HERE is Christy Mathewson, the one-time hero of the New York Giants and a man who carried into professional baseball the best traditions of sportsmanship. Christy Mathewson died at Saranac Lake, on October 7, after a long and gallant fight against tuberculosis. He served in the World War as a captain in the A. E. F.

Anthropologists to go to the Sahara

To cross a part of the Sahara which has never been crossed by white man before and to carry on extensive investigations of the remains of prehistoric man, an expedition called the Logan-Sahara-Beloit Expedition left Algiers on October 10 in motor vehicles especially designed to traverse Africa's great sea of sand. The leader of this new expedition is Count de Prorok, the archæologist who has been engaged during the last few seasons in excavating ancient Carthage. It is thought that this expedition has fully as good an opportunity to gain valuable knowledge of anthropology as the great American expedition which is now in the field in Mongolia.

While few scientists believe that northern Africa was the actual cradle of the human species, many think the chief elements of civilization arose in this neighborhood. To-day the Sahara is a vast emptiness of shifting sand, but it was not always so. The best of geological evidence exists to show that until comparatively recently this great area was well watered and fertile. Indeed, those who know the desert well observe that the process of desiccation is still going on at a rate best noted at the edges, which continue to creep outward. At the end of the Glacial Period, some 20,000-odd years ago, the Sahara occupied much the same geographical relation to the great ice cap that covered northern Europe as northern Europe now occupies with regard to the modern ice caps of the Arctic; and this temperate, productive land was doubtless then inhabited by as dense a hunting population as a fertile country can support.

To Seek More Evidence of Evolving Man

Is this mere conjecture? Far from it. The Beloit College expedition, which is also being backed by the Royal Geographical Society, the Carnegie Museum of Technology, and Michigan University, is not venturing forth on a pure hazard. Already science has found hundreds of thousands of Old Stone Age artifacts in northern Africa, north of and on the edges of the Sahara, in Egypt, and in a ring encircling the desert, and it is of marked interest to note that these stone implements show absolutely the same peculiar characteristics as those found in the river terraces and paleolithic caves of western Europe. Evidently during the Old Stone Age—perhaps 500,000 years in length—primitive man was free to range from Africa to Europe. We know with certainty that not long ago, as such things go, there was a broad land bridge from Italy across the Mediterranean. Of equal interest with the identity of the European and African (Capsian) flint implements is the fact that the paintings on the walls of paleolithic caves in France and Spain are closely similar in technique with those of the modern Bushmen of South Africa. We find these rock paintings all the way between the two places, except, of course, in the Sahara's still unexplored portions.

Yet many mysteries remain, and it is

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highly likely that the results of the new expedition will explain some of them, not only in the Old Stone Age, but before it and after it. Darwin believed man evolved in Africa, and recent discoveries encourage this view. We may therefore possibly look in the Sahara for very early types of ape-like man. Similarly, one school of thought holds that neolithic man literally *invented* civilization and that this took place somewhere near northern Africa. Science will therefore await the results of the anthropological exploration of the blank spot of the Dark Continent with keen interest.

Flame or Fame for Heretics?

BURNING was once the accepted way of dealing with heretics. Within four hundred years (which is not a long time in the history of man) eleven men and two women were burned at the stake in one town in England in a single day. Within three hundred years the Presbyterians, themselves heretics from one point of view, passed an "Ordinance for the Suppression of Blasphemies and Heresies," pronouncing against those who denied certain doctrines the penalty of death.

Inhuman as capital punishment, especially with fire, for heresy was, it was in a sense logical. The heretic thus disposed of could no longer preach his subversive views. No punishment could wipe out the memory of what he had said; but this form of punishment could effectually keep him from saying anything more. If he had written books, they might in those days of limited circulation of the written word, be sought out and destroyed. It is true that the blood of the martyrs has been the seed not only of the Church but of many an heretical sect. Nevertheless there was something rational in the effort to wipe out the heretic and all his works.

Nowadays the method adopted is quite different. It is known in other than ecclesiastical circles as publicity. Its effect upon heretics is precisely the same as its effect upon actors, politicians, and enterprising promoters of business ventures. Who would have heard of the lately Right Rev. William Montgomery Brown except for the publicity freely provided for him by his trial for heresy in the Protestant Episcopal Church? Perhaps a few thousand here and there, most of them far from orthodox themselves. But now his name and his opinions are proclaimed conspicuously in the daily press and have become a subject of discussion by an immense number of people who would have never otherwise heard his name or learned of his opinions.

Having been condemned to removal from his bishopric and from the priesthood of his Church, this heretic now is free to preach his theology of symbolism, in which the Trinity is matter-force-motion, in which Jesus is a fictitious—or, if real, an unknown—character, Beelzebub is the economic system that divides the world into the master class and the slave class, the crucifixion is the victimization of labor in company with liberty and science, "the robbers of ignorance and superstition," and the Gospel apparently is Communism.

The fact that this doctor of divinity did not feel his intellectual growing pains until he approached the end of the psalmist's span of life is a matter for regret. Very few of those who have studied the history of religion and philosophy will, we fancy, take his views very seriously. If in exercising the liberty of interpreting the classic statements of Christianity symbolically he has gone to a length which strikes the ordinary man of common sense as absurd, he has nevertheless exercised a liberty which all ecclesiastics exercise to some degree. To make a martyr of him without disposing of him as martyrs used to be disposed of is doubtless the right of the Episcopal House of Bishops; but it will not end his heresy. There were other ways by which the bishops could have disavowed Bishop Brown's views. At least eleven bishops of the Church thought so, and, in the words of one of them, as quoted, Bishop Stearly, "it was felt by some that a more merciful action would be the commending of him to God as a brother erring as to the ancient faith of the Church, and to suspend all further sentence."

Art from the Cabin Door

THE Associated Press recently carried a despatch from Birmingham, Alabama, which, for Associated Press despatches, is decidedly unusual. It runs almost wholly to exposition and hardly at all to narrative, the bricks and mortar of Associated Press items. The one news fact is that Tuskegee is making an effort to preserve the Negro "spirituals," and this fact is buried far down in the "story." But, if the item contains little of news fact, it contains much of abiding truth. Here is a part of it:

> Those who have never heard the real cotton-patch harmony can scarcely appreciate the apprehension of music lovers that this art is about to pass. Fifty Negroes, of varied ages, in one cotton field are capable of producing an impromptu programme of song, chant, whistling, and chatter that can be found nowhere else on the globe, in the opinion of music critics who have traveled far to hear the music in its original setting.
>
> The song is usually one which was never written. It may or may not be one already worked out and familiar to those participating. A Negro does not have to "know" a song to join with his fellows in singing it. Every farm group has a "leader." This person is nearly always a man. He "strikes" his key—and the group is off.
>
> The same song may be sung for an hour, or all day. It never becomes monotonous because of its variations. The present-day jazz artist boasts of his "barber shop." He knows nothing of "incidentals" and "chords."
>
> The Negro singer can "ring in" more notes than have ever been written in the staff. He sings in minor, major, and unknown "keys." There's no precedent for what he does. Today he sings a new song and sings it differently from that of yesterday. Tomorrow he will have a new song and more harmony.
>
> No matter what he sings and how he sings it, there is that indescribable rhythm, swing, and motion which is as harmonious as the flow of a meadow brook. He knows nothing of crescendos, fortissimos, pianissimos. He does know harmony.

The question, by suggestion at least, is whether or not this kind of music can be perpetuated by trained musicians after it has ceased to come spontaneously from untrained throats. There is truth in the statement that the Negro minstrel at his best sings notes that never were written in the staff. Of course, this is true of any singer. Nothing mechanical can ever take the place of the human performer, whether his instrument be the voice or some other; but it is particularly true of the Negro singer. The haunting quality of Negro song abides in something as yet undiscovered. One guess is that the natural Negro scale differs just slightly from our scale, that the intervals between notes are not exactly the same, that a note which seems to be one of our recognized notes is, by an infinitesimal difference, something

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else. If that guess is correct, the doubt grows as to the possibility of preserving the Negro music after the Negroes themselves have ceased to sing it spontaneously.

Many concert singers have tried to give the Negro spirituals from the stage. Some of them have done so well that a person not thoroughly familiar with the songs as they are sung from the fields and from the cabin doors would render a verdict of complete success. Yet we venture to assert that no singer not a Negro has ever perfectly reproduced a Negro spiritual.

All of this, however, should not discourage any effort at preservation. "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and "Steal Away Home," and a score of others are worth singing even as white people can sing them. The Tuskegee effort at preservation is not the first. Fisk has worked at the task, more or less, ever since 1865, and Professor Work, of its Faculty, has brought most of the old songs together in a book, and the Fisk Jubilee Singers have made many of them familiar to hundreds of thousands of people. Hampton has done a similar service. It is hardly too much to say that the Negro spirituals are already preserved in so far as written music can preserve them.

But Tuskegee, along with Hampton and Fisk and the other schools, has, possibly, the opportunity of doing something more worth while toward preservation. The Negro people ought to continue to sing their own songs to their own peculiar music. Religious songs composed by white men have very largely, if not completely, displaced Negro songs in the Negro churches, not only in the cities but everywhere except, perhaps, in some remote and isolated places.

This is not as it should be. The Negro spirituals, the Negro ability to make melody and harmony of a peculiar kind, is a heritage of which any race might be proud. It ought to be guarded and preserved.

This does not mean at all that Negro congregations ought to go on singing only the old songs of their fathers and their grandfathers. Those songs filled a racial need which perhaps no longer exists. But Negroes ought to be able to continue producing songs of the same quality, their own songs, for their present needs. They ought to use, of course, the great songs of white composers, but they have no right to permit their own gift of music to slip away from them.

If the Negro schools, with Tuskegee and Hampton and Fisk in the lead of the movement, can impart this ideal to their students and to those whom they reach through extension work, the Negro songs will be preserved.

Rome and Science

An Open Letter from a Methodist Pastor

As an admiring reader of The Outlook for many years, I note, with some misgivings, your effort in the issue of October 7 to place Roman Catholicism in the ranks of Modernism. Like you, I am glad to find Cardinal Hayes paying a tribute to fearless scientists and approving the search for "truth, always, everywhere, at any cost," but I cannot agree with your inference from his words that either he or his Church is sympathetic with the scientific spirit. The history of Rome is entirely otherwise and her proud boast is that she never changes. The Paulist Fathers seek to popularize Romanism, and their radio experiment is their most advanced movement in this direction. They are glad, therefore, to broadcast words from the Cardinal which will lead many to suppose that Rome would accept as fact any established conclusion of science which interfered with the dogmas of that Church. This is the real test. Would Romanism so do?

The major portion of the Protestant Church has changed its view of creation and recast its interpretation of Genesis out of sheer honesty when faced by the facts of science. Would Rome do this? I trow not. Cardinal Hayes practically says that he would not. He uses the saving clause which many overlook—"real, not false science." Who determines whether it is "real" or "false"? The Roman Church, of course. The Catholic layman whom you quote is not so much out of accord with Cardinal Hayes in saying in effect that evolution could not be taught in a Catholic school, for he well knows that at any point where scientific evolution interfered with the verbal inspiration theory of the Bible it would be pronounced, in the words of the Cardinal, "false science" and not "real." With this agrees the Jesuit periodical which you quote with approval, which clearly states that the Catholic Church has never forbidden the teaching of evolution in her schools, because she always employs Catholic teachers. That explains the situation fully. Every Catholic teacher can be trusted to brand as "false science" every evolutionary theory that clashes with the Biblical interpretation of Romanism. It is like saying that Tammany Hall had never forbidden the appointment of good Republicans to its official positions—all it has done has been to see to it that loyal Tammany leaders were in control.

I have no disposition to discourage any liberal tendency which the Roman Church may show. I will hail the day when the Roman Catholic Church will take the position of progressive Protestantism and say with you, "Religion is life, not theory." Our theories of God and of creation and of revelation are human and liable to change. When the majority of the greatest scientists agree upon a position which requires the abandonment of some of our theories, we will frankly abandon them, knowing well that the nearer our theories approach to ultimate truth, the more perfectly will they promote true religion, which is "the life of God in the soul of man." I would like to see, with you, in Cardinal Hayes's words a frank acknowledgment of your theory of religion, with which I agree. But I cannot. I see in them only a shrewd attempt to make Romanism appear sympathetic with the modern scientific view-point while it remains, by a process of subtle casuistry, true to its own reactionary mediævalism. I hold no malice toward Rome, and have no sympathy with her rabid detractors. I well know there are many broad-minded Roman Catholics, but I do not propose to be deceived by her Jesuitical subtleties, nor believe, without better evidence than we have, that the Roman Church as such possesses the modern scientific view-point, or is willing to subject her theology, her theory, or her practice to scientific scrutiny.

W. Wofford T. Duncan,
Pastor Emory Methodist Episcopal Church, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

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Idealistic and Realistic Statues

A London Art Letter by C. LEWIS HIND

IN A. Edward Newton's new collection of essays, "The Greatest Book in the World, and Other Papers," a delightful miscellany, he says severe things about some of the statues in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. He adds: "Do not laugh, dear reader; you probably have something quite as ridiculous at home."

We have.

We have, because average man—and public bodies who commission statuary are average men—continue to believe that the way to commemorate a notability is to put him on a pedestal in his best clothes. But the rarer kind of sculptor, like the rarer kind of wayfarer, knows that what is wanted is an expression in bronze or marble of what a notability stands for—his spirit, his soul, the great unseen part of him—not his plump or scraggy body battered by the years.

Rodin understood this when he wrought his Balzac, and Bourdelle when he wrought his "Rodin at Work on 'The Gates of Hell,'" a huge, uncouth, ageless figure confronted by his unceasing task, impossible of completion in one lifetime.

TURN now to a monument that is essential London—the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square.

Epstein has been hitting back in print at those critics who attacked his Hudson Memorial in Hyde Park. That is well; but at the end of his article he flings reproaches at London statues in general, and especially at the "unholy mess" of Trafalgar Square; and he adds, making me almost angry, "Think of that silly column in the middle carrying a puny little figure of Nelson, which is out of all proportion and cannot be seen!"

I think Epstein is entirely wrong. We do not want to see Nelson; we want only to be reminded of him. He is in the clouds above and beyond these voices. In the Nelson column we have the idea of Nelson.

The artist who, centuries ago, invented the high column with a figure atop had a spiritual vision of the act of remembrance denied to most makers of effigies to-day. How seldom have our modern monuments, in Walter Pater's phrase, the power of "filling the common ways of life with the reflection of some far-off brightness!"

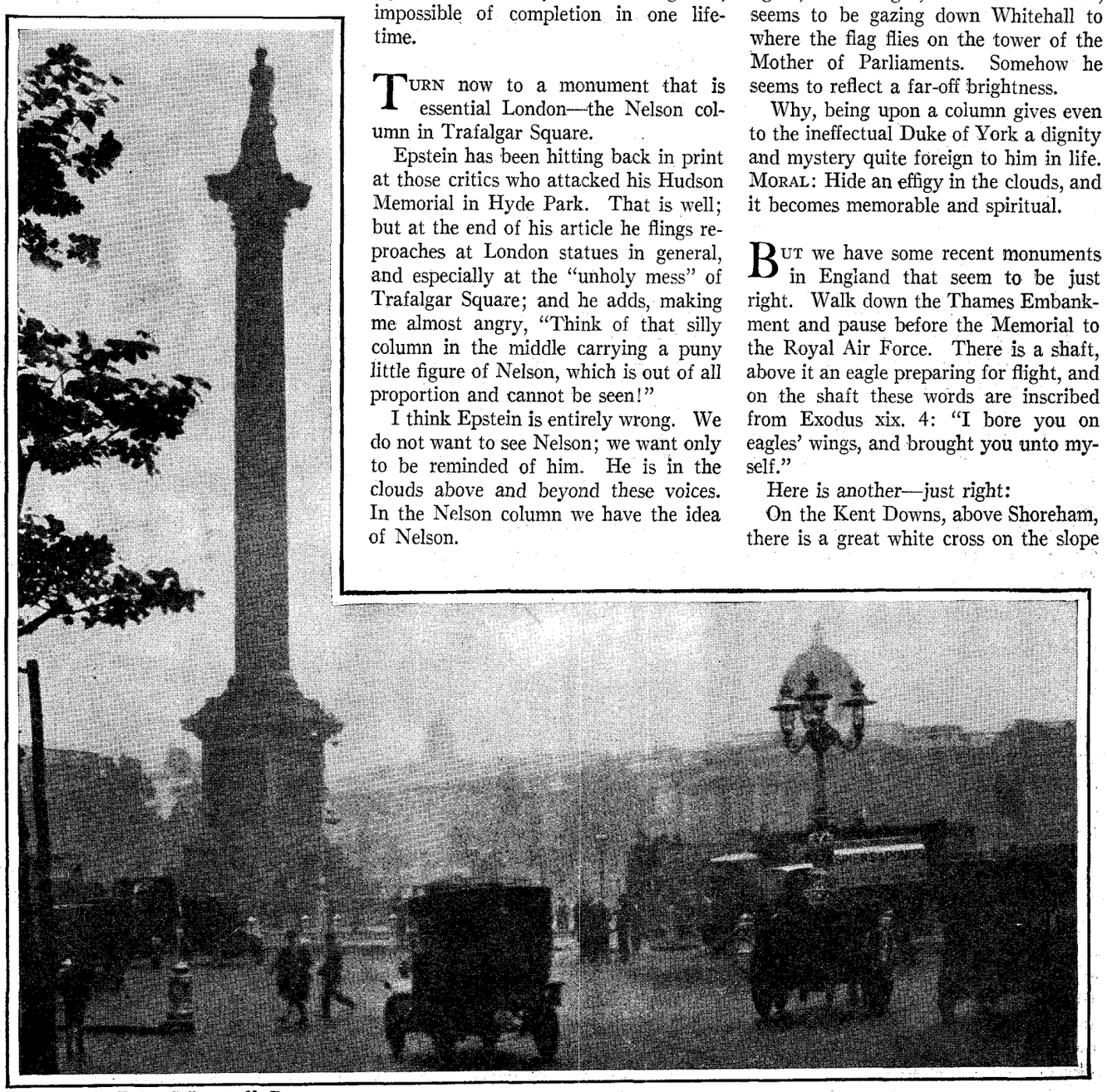
When I lean over the parapet of the National Gallery on a day of storm or shine, Nelson on his column dominates the imposing scene, and the "puny figure," out of sight, but not out of mind, seems to be gazing down Whitehall to where the flag flies on the tower of the Mother of Parliaments. Somehow he seems to reflect a far-off brightness.

Why, being upon a column gives even to the ineffectual Duke of York a dignity and mystery quite foreign to him in life. MORAL: Hide an effigy in the clouds, and it becomes memorable and spiritual.

BUT we have some recent monuments in England that seem to be just right. Walk down the Thames Embankment and pause before the Memorial to the Royal Air Force. There is a shaft, above it an eagle preparing for flight, and on the shaft these words are inscribed from Exodus xix. 4: "I bore you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself."

Here is another—just right:

On the Kent Downs, above Shoreham, there is a great white cross on the slope



Photograph by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Lord Nelson in his place of honor in the heart of Trafalgar Square

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of the green hill. You see it from the train; you see it from the surrounding countryside; and, if you descend into little old Shoreham, where a river about the width of a walking-stick flows through the street, you will see a board, and upon the board is inscribed: "Remember, as you look at the cross on the hill, those who gave their lives for their country 1914–1919."

And there is the Cenotaph in Whitehall, by Lutyens, which I call perfect. The flags and the flowers complete it; they do not seem accessories. The Cenotaph was a sudden inspiration. Lutyens, being asked for a design, scribbled his notion of a cenotaph on the back of an envelope. Hardly an alteration was made.

BUT the effigy of a notability in his best clothes or in a Roman toga dies hard. When I was last in the House of Commons, I had to wait for half an hour in the outer lobby. As there was nothing else to do, I looked at the statues and the wall pictures. How cold, uninspired, and uninteresting look Pitt, Chatham, and Walpole in marble! I shrank away from them. The notice, "It is requested that no one touch the statues," was not necessary. And the wall pictures? Before the age of printing such illustrations were necessary as instruction in history. But to-day who learns anything from, or is impressed by, a representation of "The House of Commons on 2nd March, 1629," or "The Flight of the Five Members 1642"? Personally, I would rather see on the walls a stretch of fine color with geometrical fallals, and in the center a great saying or two of the period. Words live; figures don't. Words are of the spirit; figures are of the flesh.

I BEGAN with a reference to Edward Newton's "The Greatest Book in the World"—the Bible. He treats it from the standpoint of a bibliographical lover. Towards the end of the book is another essay, on "The Greatest Little Book in the World." He means "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens.

Dickens, unwittingly, gave me my first lesson in true fame. I had been taken to Westminster Abbey by my mother. I had been shown rows of effigies of statesmen and warriors, and engraved upon the pedestals of each was a long account of virtues and services. But when we came to Poets' Corner, to the gray slab that marks the resting-place of Charles Dickens, I observed that there was nothing upon it but his birth and death dates—"Charles Dickens. Born 7th February, 1812. Died 9th June, 1870."

It was unnecessary to explain his fame.

The League and Austen Chamberlain

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

TO-DAY, at the Reformation Hall, the sixth Assembly of the League of Nations came to an end. I have been present at four Assemblies. This was the best.

First, because it condensed its work into three weeks instead of the usual four. Yet there was no dearth of subject-matter. Twenty-five items were on the agenda besides the Secretary-General's annual report. Among the items were the grievances of minority populations, the extirpation of slavery where it still exists, the establishment of Armenian refuges, aid to populations victims of catastrophes, confirmation of recommendations of the Arms Traffic and the Opium Conferences, continuance of control in Austria and Hungary, and, above all, a new decision on action to be taken concerning arbitration, security, and arms reduction. Every morning The Outlook's box (flanked on the one side by that of the New York "American" and on the other by that of the Boston "Christian Science Monitor") at the Press Bureau was chock-full of the abundant literature furnished by the League on the subjects under discussion. This service was admirably prompt; before an afternoon session began a copy in English and French of the morning's speeches was in the boxes.

In the second place, this Assembly was the best yet because the speeches here were shorter and more condensed than they have been hitherto.

Finally, in no previous Assembly was there so little rhetoric, lyrism, and mere "gush" and so resolute a recognition of hard fact. For example, the designation, "*enfant terrible*" used to be applied to Lord Cecil here; this year he has been prudent beyond belief.

The usual democratic behavior also characterized this Assembly. If any state is inclined to international arrogance, the League ought to be a good corrective. For instance, this morning, little Salvador and big Britain appeared as equals—indeed, the Salvadorean representative had the chairmanship of the commission in question, whereas the Britisher was simply its reporter. This afternoon, in an intermission during the session, I saw the Maharajah of Patiala, reputed to be the richest prince in the world, conversing cordially and with no trace of condescension with just a common garden variety of Finn. Meanwhile there were picturesque contrasts all over the hall: an Austrian was talking with a Paraguayan, a Dutchman was shaking hands with a Chinaman, and a Czechoslovak was being patted on the back by a Cuban. It was all very democratic and humanizing.

Every year the Assembly attracts a greater number of visitors. As the League, a co-ordinating center, enlarges its social, humanitarian, administrative, economic, and financial work, compared with that purely political, it appeals more to public opinion. The popularity, for example, of its successful endeavor in economically saving Austria, Hungary, and Greece is undeniable. A more recent case in point is the passage of a capital resolution yesterday to call an international economic conference. The present prevalent ultra-protectionism menaces economic peace now and may menace political peace later. The economic policy of most states contradicts the spirit of international solidarity preached by the League.

The Assemblies are also appealing more to governmental opinion. More than fifty Cabinet and ex-Cabinet Ministers, especially Foreign Ministers, were among this year's Assembly delegates; hence their pronouncements here had a kind of official character, more evident and impressive than at any previous meeting. Each of the fifty-five League member-states is entitled to three delegates to the Assembly. But most states sent alternates also, and not a few experts and secretaries as well.

Not all of the fifty-five states were represented this year. When, on the opening day, at the election of a President for this year's Assembly, Mr. Parodi called out the names of the states, I heard no reply from Argentina, Bolivia,

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Costa Rica, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Peru, or Santo Domingo. The delegates from Haiti and Santo Domingo came later.

There were some striking changes from last year. When Albania's name was called, Mgr. Fan Noli's familiar beard, masking his smile, was no longer in evidence; another and younger delegate nimbly mounted the stairs to the tribune and deposited his ballot for President in the box. The governmental overthrows in both Albania and Greece had resulted in new delegations from those countries. The far more important Cabinet change in England replaced as first delegate the flamboyant Lord Parmoor by the taller, lither, austerer, and more determined looking Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Minister, easily the most dominating and most powerful, but certainly not the most popular figure here. In the Jugoslav delegation the first delegate was appropriately the dignified Foreign Minister Nintchitch, a Serb, but at his side now sat the Croat Stepan Raditch, just out of prison! The delegate making the most sensation, however, was an East Indian, his Highness of Patiala. He wore European dress, but his head was enveloped in a huge light-blue turban and he had curious diamond rings in his ears. Last year, when the Abyssinians were admitted to membership, they created a sensation by their native costumes—tight white trousers, black satin cloaks lined with green silk and a magenta velvet collar atop; but on the opening day this year the Abyssinian, Negradas Zelleka, now in "store clothes," stepping lightly up to the ballot-box, passed almost unnoticed in contrast with the Indian prince.

As President of the Assembly, Raoul Dandurand, the Canadian statesman, was elected. He speaks French as his native tongue, but English almost as well. His is a harsh, metallic voice, like a terrier's, very different from the sonorous quality of his predecessor as President, Giuseppe Motta, the only Italian-Swiss ever to become President of Switzerland. Mr. Dandurand has presided ably and seems universally popular. I was specially interested in his election (alike gratifying to the English and the French), as I had been having some correspondence with him relative to the friendly and persistent Canadian effort to sterilize Article 10 of the Covenant.

Then, according to custom, the different subjects on the agenda were divided among six commissions. The first commission had to do with constitutional and juridical matters; the second, with technical organizations; the third, with armament reduction; the fourth, with budgetary and financial questions; the fifth, with social problems; and the sixth, with political affairs.

But before all this occurred it was the turn of France to open the Assembly. Paul Painlevé, French Prime Minister, appeared in the presidential seat. Abandoning the long black coat, customary on such occasions, M. Painlevé wore a gray business suit. It seemed appropriate to the terse text of his address, a text revealing the *savant* as well as the statesman. Every phrase showed sureness and *finesse*. Gray was also appropriate for the Premier's matter-of-fact, steady tone; his voice was as even and clear at the end of forty minutes as at the beginning. But his delivery lacked the magnetism and vibratory quality of Edouard Herriot, his predecessor as Premier. In contrast, M. Painlevé is colder, but he seemed to me more precise, exacter, subtler.

International

Austen Chamberlain

Also in this place a year ago spoke Ramsay MacDonald, then British Labor Prime Minister and always a pacifist. Apparently he grasped at armament reduction as the sole universal panacea. He rose right into the empyrean by the animation vivifying his sentimental considerations. But the cleverer fellow-Socialist, Herriot, went him two better. Also emphasizing the disarmament ideal, he proclaimed anew the absolute interdependence of arbitration, security, and armament reduction—that tryptich of which the inseparable parts form one whole. The Assembly ultimately and unanimously adopted this receipt for preventing war and recommended a Protocol, or draft treaty, to their respective governments for ratification.

That was a great event. The end of war seemed in sight. A wave of generous emotion and enthusiasm swept all the men and women up into the blue until they seemed made of heads and wings only.

Months passed. The requisite number of governments did not ratify the Protocol. Moreover, the British Labor Cabinet fell, and its Conservative successor repudiated its predecessor's delegates' signatures at Geneva. The Dominion Governments were similarly minded. In his address M. Painlevé pointed out the fundamental reason why the French, generally realists, had espoused the Protocol and why the British opposed it. There are two ways of securing justice and peace. That of last year's Assembly is the Latin, idealist method. It proceeds from a generalization to particular examples. The other, the Anglo-Saxon, really realist method, proceeds from particular cases to a generalization. It accommodates an idea to special circumstances and conditions. The ultimate result of either method may well be the same.

"But ours is the more practical," declared Mr. Chamberlain here. The British Empire's complexity and geographical position does not permit the British Government to promise to apply everywhere the Protocol's principles. But it can apply any pact, such as the one the Foreign Ministers of France, Germany, Belgium, and England are now drafting. According to both M. Painlevé and Mr. Chamberlain, the Protocol may yet be realized by the natural and beneficent play of regional pacts. There is thus a new Anglo-French Entente, and, for the present, England seems the predominant partner.

The proximate reason why Austen Chamberlain defied the League and refused Britain's consent to the Protocol was because of obligatory arbitration. No country, he said, had submitted so many disputes as had England to arbitral settlement; the British Governments had thus shown their sympathy with the general principle of arbitration. As regards disputes likely to lead to a rupture, the British Government is already bound by the League Covenant to submit all such disputes either to arbitration or to the League Council. Also under the Covenant, the British Government has already recognized that disputes of a legal nature, not affecting the vital interests, independence, or honor of the contracting states, are generally suitable for submission to arbitration. But there are, he claimed, classes and categories of differences not to be so submitted, and, as the British Empire Constitution is not uni-

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tary, it is unwise to proceed as if it were. Lord Cecil, in his closing address on this subject, even tried to take arbitration from its first position in the trilogy, but was immediately contradicted by M. de Jouvenel, speaking for the overwhelming majority of his auditors.

There are too many Protocol enthusiasts here for the Chamberlain pronouncement to be palatable. But every critic with whom I have talked concedes its transparent sincerity. Indeed, many messianic pacifists here seem swallowing their disappointment. A few even agree that this year's conclusions are intrinsically more important than last year's. Certainly they show statecraft. They define what is actually and not theoretically politically possible.

Geneva.
26 September, 1925.

Up-State New York Modernizes the Metropolis

By GREGORY MASON

Who finds out why Tammany does not like voting machines

THE Legislature of New York State in 1921 passed a law requiring the use of voting machines in cities of the first class. New York was the only city of this class which had not already installed them, and the enactment was obviously aimed at the city at the mouth of the Hudson. The law provided that if within thirty days of its passage the Board of Elections had not agreed upon the type of machine to be installed that duty should devolve upon the Secretary of State. In short, here was the old, old situation, the up-State Republicans taking a fling at Tammany Hall.

The Board of Elections went into a deadlock, the two Republican members favoring a certain machine and the two Democratic members opposing it. Whereupon the Secretary of State decided that the United States Standard Voting Machine should be installed. But labor organizations objected that employees of this company worked more than eight hours a day and were not paid the prevailing rate of wages, and the Acting Corporation Counsel took the view that for this reason these machines should not be installed by the Board of Elections. An attempt to force the Board to install them by mandamus proceedings failed, and the situation remained a deadlock until 1925.

Early in this year Deputy Attorney-General Abraham S. Gilbert began a new legal fight to compel the introduction of the machines, and eventually won it before the Appellate Court, the highest tribunal in the State. That Court held that Section 246 of the Election Law placed upon the Secretary of State the affirmative duty of buying these machines and sending the bill to the city, whose Controller should, if necessary, issue bonds to pay for them.

It was not possible to get a machine for each of the three thousand election districts of the metropolis, and, moreover, it seems to be the part of tact to introduce them gradually. Seventy-five have been purchased, of which number fifty-five are to be used in the forthcoming election—that is, one in each election district of the Fifteenth Assembly District.

Wide World Photos

NEW YORK'S ninety-six-year-old Commissioner of Elections, John R. Voorhis, said to Gregory Mason:

"The voting machine is in line with the whole unpleasant tendency of the age. With the old-fashioned ballot the voter takes pride in making his choice, in lingering over the thought that he is really expressing himself by his visible crosses on the paper. When he pulls the levers of a voting machine, he feels he is a mere statistic or part of a statistic, he is just one of a number of men who have pulled those levers. On the old paper ballot a man can write in his own name or a friend's name, and thus make the ballot his own permanently, to be recognized after the count, if necessary. The voter keeps his identity, his political individuality is preserved."

First and last, the battle of the voting machines has produced much sound and fury on Manhattan Island. "It is my opinion," says Commissioner Voorhis, who has opposed the introduction of the machines during the past thirty of his ninety-six years, "it is my opinion that the strongest advocacy of these mechanical contrivances comes from persons who are financially interested in them. I cannot prove this, but I am convinced that it is so."

When I reported this to a prominent officer of the State who is a Republican, he merely laughed and said: "I might ask if Tammany Hall has any interest in the printing concern which will be out of pocket about three hundred thousand dollars a year if the old printed ballots are abandoned. I cannot prove this, but I am convinced that it is so."

The most serious objection to the machines seems to be that undoubtedly some voters are confused by them at first. This is merely to say that there is a type of human being to whom most mechanical devices are mysteries to some degree. I shall not make caustic remarks about this kind of mind, for I have one myself, the simplest automobile engine being to me a miracle never to be understood.

It does not seem likely that the expense of caring for the machines will equal the expense saved by the reduction in the number of election inspectors, election clerks, and polling places which their use makes possible. Although machines of the type used in New York cost $940 apiece, it seems that in the long run their use will mean a saving of municipal dollars.

Experience in other cities tends to prove that one voting machine will do the work of half a dozen polling booths. And no one denies that much earlier elec-

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tion returns are possible with the machines than without them.

Finally, the voting machine makes it easy for the voter to split his ticket, guards against the sort of mistakes which lead paper ballots to be thrown out of the count, and quite obviously makes fraudulent counting of votes very difficult.

To say this is not to imply that the opposition to the machines is largely from politicians addicted to questionable election tactics. Undoubtedly there is a large sentimental prejudice in favor of retaining the old ballot, and Commissioner Voorhis contends that if the matter were submitted to a referendum the people would declare emphatically against the voting machine.

It is very likely true, however, that the Democratic organization in the city feels that it is more at home with the paper ballot than its opponents. Perhaps there is something in the following statement, made to me by a prominent Republican. Said he:

"I am not charging any organized fraud on the part of Tammany. But I am convinced that Tammany Hall gets an advantage running into a large number of votes by the use of the paper ballot. I am sure that the widespread opposition of Tammany politicians to the voting machine is due to a deep feeling among them that they have a big advantage over the Republicans through their facility and familiarity with the handling of paper ballots."

But alas for these romanticists who are so facile in old-fashioned methods! The voting machine has probably come to New York to stay.

The Shining Shore

Staff Correspondence by DIXON MERRITT

TOMPS SHORT used to rub tobacco in his eyes—"Because," he said, "it feels so good when it stops hurting."

The particular practice is not, perhaps, laudable. But the philosophy back of it is. I have lived by it, sparingly. I should not have gone to the length of making myself ill in order to have the fun of getting well. But, since I had to undergo the unease of illness, I know that there is compensation, measure for measure, in the languor of convalescence and the final glow of health returned.

Measure for measure! Tit for tat! A quiet joy for every racking pain. A sweet forgetfulness for every bitter memory.

There were those nights of horror, when the time of my illness was new, in a hotel room in New York. The pain would not depart and slumber would not approach my pillow, though the doctor conjured mightily with medicines and the woman whom some providence gave to be with me wrought more cunningly still with the arts of love. The worst was when the dawn peeped, gray and grim, through the window and she dozed for a little at the bedside.

But over against those nights I set certain other nights in an old farmhouse of the Eastern Shore of Maryland—long, lazy nights when the first yawn came at 7:30 by the clock, in front of an open wood fire; nights with ten hours of sleep in them, and only enough odd moments of half wakefulness to emphasize the sweetness of the sleep. The balance is on the right side of the ledger. And the best was when the sun, already tree-top high, flooded through the room and the woman who used to doze for a moment at dawn slumbered on toward the noon.

There had been the agony of being packed in ice and brought back to Washington in a Pullman berth, of being maneuvered through the station, of bumping home in a cab.

But over against that was the joy of purring along over perfect roads through a fruitful country to a rainbow's end, and —but why go on with these contrasts? What I started out to do is to recommend the Eastern Shore as a place for convalescent vacationing. I do so hereby, with reasons for the same to follow in due course of composition.

FIRST, let it be said that in order to take a convalescent vacation properly one must have a good boss—two, for choice, and they conspirators. A sick man has not sense enough to get well unbossed. I had not, at any rate. When I was barely half able to walk, I slipped off downtown and sent a telegram to the editor of The Outlook saying that I was ready to go back to work. Just what happened I do not know. I suspect that woman of having "got wise" to what I had done and of having followed my telegram with another saying that I was no such thing. At any rate, there came from the editor an apparently angry letter commanding me not to mention work again until the doctor discharged me and until, after that, I had taken a vacation of at least two weeks. I was really getting well enough to have a little sense by that time, and replied with the simple sentence, "I am a good enough soldier to obey orders."

So when the doctor finally did discharge me—only with a string tied to the discharge—we loaded W. K., which is an automobile, with bedding and food and cooking tools and emergency medicine kit, and started—nowhere. It is the only way to travel. If you are not going anywhere, you are never on the wrong road. If you arrive nowhere, with bedding and all, you can stay there comfortably. Somehow, W. K. headed to Annapolis, rolled on to the ferry, rolled off again at Claiborne. Through all of one day we purred leisurely along over roads that, if we had had a destination, would have been wrong roads. But they ran through the most magnificent farming country that I had ever seen—and I had previously seen practically all of the farming country in the United States except the Eastern Shore and some of the valleys of the Pacific coast. They ran, also, through quaint old villages. And these villages, despite their age, are up to date and comfortable. That is the beauty, after all, of the Eastern Shore. Every inch of it is comfortable. Elsewhere there is a streak of prosperity between two streaks of poverty.

At sundown we were four miles from Salisbury—and those with whom we had chance to talk said that Salisbury is a city. Now cities always have irked me at twilight. I can bear them in the working hours and in the sleeping hours, but not in that holy time when day meets night, when bustle and noise are soothed to sleep in the infinity of darkness, and when, for some brief moment in the dimness, the groping hands of man may come near to touching the hand of God.

To escape a city twilight I proposed it as a duty that we visit some of the families in the comfortable farmhouses that we were passing. At the first we had a drink of water and some homely chat—if it cleared and the wind lay, there would probably be frost; and the tomatoes were not nearly all picked; and the drought was plumb ruining the young clover. I insinuated the sentence that

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we were so in love with those farms that we wanted to stay at one of them. They were sorry, but they were not very well, and, of course, could not make us as comfortable as we ought to be if we stayed. And they did not know of anybody in the neighborhood who could take us. But wait a minute! What about Mrs. Lowe? Her husband died last spring, you know, and she is all alone except that the Episcopal minister boards there when he is not out on his rounds among the parishioners of five country churches, and sometimes her son comes out from the city to stay the night with her. She likes to have people come in. It will do no harm to ask. She lives in the first house down the road on the left-hand side; but she is deaf, and may not understand what you say.

But she did understand, at the first asking. "Why, yes," she said. "Come right in—I am just about to start a fire." The minister was coming down the old-fashioned stairs, bag in hand, off to a guild meeting at an outlying mission. But he thought better of it when we had shaken hands. "I guess," he meditated, "that I can drive twenty-six miles after supper without mishap." So he made the fire, telling us local history at the same time. "We are country folk," he explained between whiles, "and we like to have people come to see us who have new things to talk about."

THE receiver of the party-line telephone clicked, as it always does when one wants to see if there is some one else on the line. Evidently there was not, for the crank was twisted and a number called. And the voice of our hostess came to us by the fireside, not quite even because of her difficulty of hearing. "Son," she said, "if there is anything you want to do in town you need not come out to stay with me tonight. . . . Yes, the minister is going away, but I have company. . . . A man and his wife from Washington. . . . Nice people. . . . Good-night, son."

We were strangers, and she took us in—and put her trust in us as her protectors. We had a home on the road that had started without destination. And there we stayed every night through the whole vacation, running out by day for a hundred miles or so and seeing all of that marvelous country—its level fields of tall corn, and young clover coming on in the wheat stubble; its endless acres of tomatoes, rolling now in great wagons to the canneries; its squash fields with all the semblance of gold mines above-ground; its quaint villages and old, old churches; its rivers and bay inlets, broad and placid, with sailing sloops upon them; its sea-food marts with fleets of oyster boats going out and coming in and the armies of "shuckers" at work ashore.

But every night we went eagerly home—home on the road that we had foolishly thought led to no definite place. It was a goodly home. There was Mrs. Lowe, motherly always. There were the big old comfortable house and the open wood fire. There were the avenue of great mossy maples winding down to the road, and the harvest moon at its full coming up over a field all filled with shocks of ripened corn. There were country ham and country eggs and milk and butter, and turnip greens at the height of their autumn glory. And a feather bed!

There were other abiding joys, not all of them things of beauty, quite. The little Collie dog was such a thing, to be sure. I wondered why they called her "Dick" until I found that her real name is Dixie. There were three little Negro boys, full of chores of the autumn, the main one being to haul corn tops to the barn. Their equipment was a little old black mule and a home-built sled, and they consumed endless time putting the bundled corn tops into the barn. One twilight, when they were late with their last load, I undertook to organize them—and did. Whereas each of them had taken a bundle of tops from the sled and carried it all the way into the barn, now we passed the bundles on through four hands, and quickly. The work was done in a fourth of the time. I had my reward, more than I deserved, when one of the little Negroes said, confidentially, to the other two, "Now dat's what I calls unloadin' tops."

Withal, there was the comfortable and comforting talk of the minister, such times as he was home, of his little old country churches and of their communicants, few and far-sundered over those level farms. There was no bound to his zeal for his charges, who before he came were long neglected. He knew nothing of the cities and towns, though city-bred. The little country churches he had made his own.

One day we went with him to the oldest of all his old churches—Greenhill, far in the woods on the banks of the Wicomico River. Nearly two hundred years ago it was the largest and most prosperous church in all those parts. For then the people came to church from all those low-lying farms in sailing vessels, and the broad bosom of the Wicomico was dotted all over with boats on Sunday, as a country churchyard used to be in my boyhood with buggies and is now with automobiles. Since those prosperous days Greenhill church house has fallen to pieces more than once, and more than twice, but it has been as often restored, retaining, however, its original brick flooring and box pews. The British used it as a stable during the Revolution and the Yankees as a hospital in the sixties. These distinctions it has in common with many churches, but, since there is no tradition that George Washington ever worshiped there, it really is a unique old church.

OVER a camp-fire of cedar roots pulled from the river-bank we cooked dinner in the churchyard. Before the process was over I came to doubt the wisdom of telling women new things. Some one had told this woman of mine that the way to heat baked beans over a camp-fire is to put the can, unopened, in the coals. She did—and it developed that she had not made even a small hole in it. It is not necessary to say that the thing exploded. Perhaps it is necessary to say that the contents smeared themselves all over the front of the minister, from clerical hat to trouser cuffs.

And we learned as we came back through Easton that the country parson we had thus besmeared is shortly to be made Dean of the Cathedral! His zeal for the little country churches has made the town inevitable for him.

At mid-morning of a gorgeous day we left the home that had adopted us and came at nightfall to the home we made for ourselves in Washington. Here, too, was the joy of recovery. Things utterly wearisome when I was sick were beautiful now that I was strong. And I wired the editor that, the woman consenting, I was ready to go back to work.

Yes, the fun of getting well outweighs the pain of being ill.

Come now the Job's comforters that pester the spirit of every man—Eliphaz the Temanite and Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the Naamathite—and ask what, after all, is the use? From this illness you may recover and be glad of your strength to work again. Another illness may come, and from that, too, you may recover and be glad. But the end is inevitable. There comes an illness from which there is no getting well, and therefore no pleasure to balance against the pain.

But what do they know, these pessimists, of the roads into the unknown or of the homes that may be opening their doors there to the earth-weary? They never would have believed that on a nameless road of the Eastern Shore a home would open and a haven be made where a sick man might grow joyfully well.

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Come Home

By HERVEY ALLEN

THE crystal bed of agony,
The tile-white room,
Went spinning backward into space,
The tense and intent surgeon's face
That had forgotten mirth
Stayed longest—and then Richard moved
With time instead of watching it go by
As we do here on earth.

The cold rivers of the winds
Washed clean his mind,
And such a silence fell
He withered in the soundless hell
Of space; and then the sun's red face
Rimmed half the valley of the sky,
Where tongued heat-lilies bloomed,
And like an albatross at sea
A silent asteroid skimmed by.

Up, with a celestial stride
That passed the van of light,
Death's thought-swift horses ran
Into the sterile frontiers of the sky
Where starless night began,
A bound of eyeless light,
Where meteors like snow crystals
In their angled shapes blew by.

And then it seemed
A hawk-faced angel
Laid him on an island
That he dreamed to be,
And with a cold draught of pinions passed,
And he awoke beneath
The fending branches of a tree.

It was a winter's night,
And all around him lay a landscape stark,
But for one square-eyed window light—
Towards this he went,
And heard a frantic welcome in the bark
Of hounds he used to know,
Then their cool muzzles in his hands,
While a great door stood wide
And shed the blood of firelight on the snow.

"Richard," his father's voice cried,
"Come in! My son, my son!"
Then both his hands—
Then down a hall
With pictures of his past turned to the wall,
Into a long room, where by the fire
Sat Milicent with his love in her eyes
But no desire.
And then a child that he had loved in youth,
Filled all his arms
With a delightful welcome, passionately mild,
And as a drowning man tied to a mast
Might see the little boat put off from shore,
His mother came and cried,
"Oh, Dick, come home at last!"
And thus he knew
That he need never leave them any more.

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Colonel William Mitchell—the Stormy Petrel !

The Aviators' Rebellion

By Laurence La Tourette Driggs

THIS is the second article in which Colonel Driggs reports the troubles and hopes of our fliers. An aviator himself, he speaks with authority for his fellow-aviators.

IN the Navy there is less feeling of antagonism between the flying-men and the seamen, partly because of the fewer grievances, and partly because the Navy organization as a whole is more closely knit together. Army fliers live and work on fields remote from the Army, while naval aviators live on the ships or are constantly in touch with the fleet and its operation and problems. On shore they are indoctrinated with sea wisdom, with sea navigation, with sea warfare. Naval aviators expect to devote their lives to sea flying, and they are very proud to be enrolled under the glorious traditions of this Service.

Yet they too have their grievances against the authority of non-flying superiors. Under the rules of the Navy Department, the aviators must abandon flying and perform duty as ship's officers a certain number of years to obtain promotion. This absence from flying duty for a period of years destroys much of their ability as airmen—yet they are anxious for promotion.

There is another feeling of growing antagonism between the Navy airmen and the Naval Board. That is over the question of the ability of battleships to defend themselves against aircraft attack. And the allotment of money to provide and maintain battleships is very large as compared with the money spent by the Navy on aviation.

What Every Aviator Knows

EVERY aviator in the Government service knows that no battleship has ever been built which can defend itself or survive against airplane attack unless it is defended by superior air power. Yet the United States Navy has never permitted its airmen to demonstrate this claim. Instead of turning over a battleship for a conclusive test, the old guardians of the Navy busy themselves in designing new apparatus for resisting airplane bombs. While it would be a cheap method of ascertaining whether or not any floating structure could withstand the adjacent explosion of a 4,000-pound bomb, the Navy airmen have never been permitted to make this test. When the Army airmen, by act of Congress, obtained the opportunity in 1922 of sinking the Ostfriesland, the Navy protested that the airmen under General Mitchell were unfair and that they disobeyed orders by sinking this dreadnought before the effect of each separate hit was observed. The Navy wanted this information so that it might provide further protection in future construction; the fliers wanted to sink the ship before she could be withdrawn under some subterfuge.

If battleships can be sunk by airplanes, and if their only defense is airplanes, then this fact should be definitely established by our own airmen rather than by hostile airmen in time of war.

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It is cheaper to sacrifice one battleship now than to lose the whole fleet in war. But the Navy will not test it. It is this willful blindness to reason which Colonel Mitchell now characterizes as "criminally negligent." To deprive the air force of the Navy of its own flying officers, to limit its operations so that the old traditions of the battleship may be maintained, Colonel Mitchell asserts is treasonable conduct. Don Quixote tested his paper helmet once with his sword. Finding his headpiece rudely shattered by the test, he hurriedly repaired the damage and sallied forth to combat without daring to risk it to a second test. For he loved that helmet.

Divorce or Separate Maintenance?

WITH equal vehemence the Navy Board testify as a unit that their "aviation is an integral part of the very fabric of the Navy." To divorce it from the Navy and place it under a separate management would be fatal to the naval defense of the Nation.

A clear distinction should be drawn between the terms "air force" and "air service" as applied to air warfare. Air service is the service accomplished by the aviator for the benefit of the other arms, such as observing and reporting; such as mapping enemy territory; correcting artillery fire by wireless; doing patrol scouting. Such contributions to the information of naval fleets or to the armies in the field should be designated as air *service*. Air *force* is the inherent power of the airplane itself—its guns and its bombs—to effect a victory over an opponent.

Thus in a contest between two hostile air forces only fighting machines are engaged. The supremacy of the air depends upon the superiority of one or the other force. Regardless of the activities of the Army and the Navy, this contest between the air *forces* must be decided before either the Army or the Navy can operate without fear from the air.

It is the *Air Force* that American aviators want divorced from its old masters. They have no desire to take away from the Navy the "aviation which is an integral part of the very fabric of the Navy." Nor do they feel so deeply indignant over the fate of the Corps Observation Squadrons which the armies in the field require for their information as to enemy movements. But they insist that the purely Air Force, which at no time has any other function than that of meeting and defeating another air force, should be selected, trained, and operated solely by airmen and not by soldiers and sailors, however learned these latter may be.

The Mitchell party does not want to rob the Navy of aviation. It believes an Air Academy could select and train valuable aviators better than could West Point or Annapolis. Once graduated, these fliers would be portioned to the Navy for sea duty, to the Army for observation, or to the Air Force for fighting. The personal inclination of the pilot doubtless would go far to determine this allotment. A very different type of flier is required for observation than for fighting. Good bombing pilots perhaps might not make either good fighting pilots or good observation pilots—their training and the allotment of funds for their machines and appliances should be under the Air Force, and not under an antagonistic or rival service.

Hence we find that our naval airmen are not boisterous in their dissatisfaction, but they are quite generally united under the banner flung aloft by Mitchell. General Mitchell, they know, was reduced in rank because of his temerity in criticising his superior officers. They are not going to run the risk of openly backing Mitchell in this revolt, because Mitchell may not win. They have their families to support and they desire to be promoted in due course. The less they offend their superiors, the more sure they are of their promotion. But the Navy fliers agree with the Army fliers in the main. On one proposition all fliers are united—*flying should be under the sole control of fliers*.

This is the keystone of the aviators' rebellion. This is the meaning of Colonel Mitchell's charge of "criminal incompetence" against the Army and the Navy.

Neither the Army Staff nor the General Board of the Navy are willing to surrender control of flying to the fliers. They claim, with some justice, that the United States has produced the best machines in the world under present conditions. We have won most of the air records and our war planes are distinctly superior to those of any other nation. What more can be desired?

Furthermore, it is obviously essential that fliers be trained to co-operate with land forces and with the fleet in preparation for war. A *separate* Air Service would injuriously affect this liaison between the several arms of the Service.

The Navy Board insists that airplane service is an integral part of the Navy. To separate it would be fatal to National defense.

There can be no question as to the validity of these claims. No flying-man denies them. The fullest co-operation must exist between all our arms to insure the best defense or offense.

But, argues the aviator, we know more about flying than you do. Let us control flying. We will turn out all the fliers for National defense. We will provide all the machines and appliances, for that is within the province of our experience, and not in yours. We will turn over to the Navy certain fliers and machines required for Navy air service. These men will always belong to the Navy. They will grow up in that service, specialize in it, become indoctrinated with sea science and sea traditions; you will have all that you now have, but it will be better than you can possibly make it for yourselves, because flying is our business, just as seamanship is yours.

To the Army we will assign certain necessary units of flying service which will live with the Army and will be a part of the Army. The Army will command their various functions, but the fliers will perform those functions in their own way, not in your way. Fliers know the flying game better than landsmen know it. Let us alone to develop our own peculiar science as we know it should be developed. When airplane meets hostile airplane, only experienced fliers know what to do. Give us complete control of our own element and we will leave you in control of your own.

Well, the Marine Corps Works

THE problems of promotion and of liaison are incidental and of little importance compared with this broad problem of bettering our National defense. The Marine Corps serves both the Army and the Navy. It has its own appropriations and its own commanding officers.

Yet the Marine Corps does efficient work and has a deservedly high reputation with the Nation. How much more necessary is the independence of aviation—a highly specialized science known only to its devotees!

As the years pass fliers accumulate discretion and wisdom. In due time graduates of this flying school must appear, competent and experienced. The aviators believe that time has now arrived. The problems of aviation cannot adequately be handled by non-fliers. If the Nation wants the best that can be produced in aviation, it is the part of wisdom to turn aviation over to the aviators unhampered by the restrictions of unsympathetic masters.

The gravity of the situation is this: unless the experts on National defense agree, this confusing problem will be

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handed to Congress to decide. Influenced by sensational and hysterical newspaper comments back home, a Congress of non-experts may easily become lost in the mazes of perplexity.

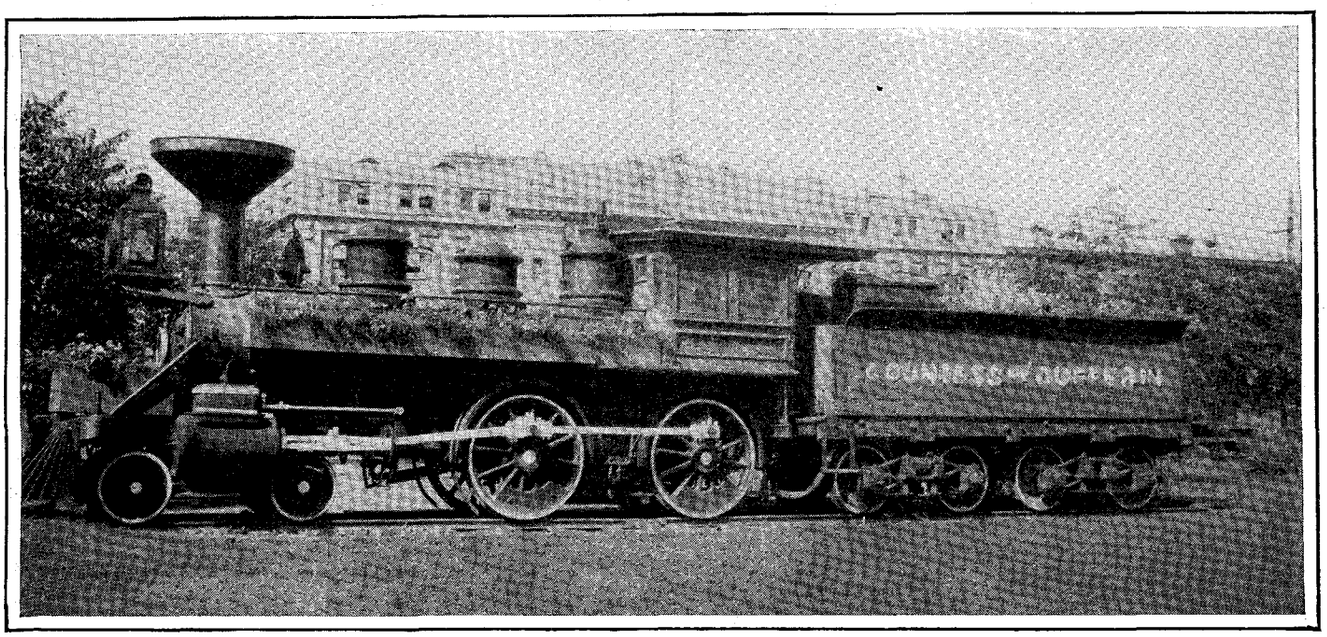
The Army Staff and the Naval Board are composed of honorable and learned men. They are self-perpetuating, self-selective boards. They control our National forces on land and sea. None could control them so well.

But our Air Force is neither of the land nor sea. It has a vastly different element, a different science to learn. Landmen and seamen know nothing about its virtues or its limitations, its problems or its aspirations—except by hearsay. When airmen are given absolute control of their own functions, and not until then, shall we see the end of our aviators' rebellion.

Winnipeg Plus Webb

By GEORGE MARVIN

The Chicago of Canada Reorients Itself



The Countess of Dufferin taking a well-earned rest in the green gardens of the C. P. R.

THE old Countess of Dufferin sleeps in the green gardens of the "C. P. R.," just across the street from the stately Winnipeg station of the Canadian Pacific Railway and its mansion-like Royal Alec Hotel. She sleeps very soundly in the late evening sunshine of northern summer latitudes, her cowcatcher, her guards, and her capacious coal-tender full of brightly growing petunias and geraniums. Her tender is forever coalless now, no more steam engenders in her ancient boiler, her whistle is silent, her bell without a tongue, and no more at night will the old kerosene lamp in her reflector headlight feel out the long steel trail across the continent.

Silently, as though not to disturb her slumbers, four shirt-sleeved employees of the railroad are bowling on the green. Without one sound the balls roll across the turf from end to end of the marked distance, while with enormous intentness, but without a word, the four bowlers watch their course, make slow gestures with their hands, and sedately exchange their positions at the end of each game.

Forty years ago—only forty years ago—the predecessors of those peaceful bowlers-on-the-green fired and drove the Countess of Dufferin across Canada to the Pacific terminal port of Vancouver. She was the first steam-actuated lady to make that transcontinental journey, and that is why she is now allowed to sleep among her flowers, metamorphosed from a locomotive to a monument.

The Countess of Dufferin's forty-odd years of life cover the growth of the city of Winnipeg and the primary reason for its growth. Following the steel trail she first traveled to the Pacific, immigrants and colonists have peopled the western provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia, making of their almost boundless square miles of fertile soil the greatest granary of the world. For a great many years this grain formed the life-blood of Winnipeg. Nearly all of it flowed in multiplying volume each year into the city's grain elevators and warehouses. Banks and brokerage offices and a wheat pit grew as rapidly as the crops which brought the money into the city. Winnipeg became the great distributing center of western Canada, multiplying railroad lines centered there, big hotels and emporiums followed the population. Winnipeg boomed and boosted, like a hundred other American cities on the continent, and blossomed on the flour of the wheat.

And, like other booming, boosting communities, Winnipeg became inflated. It juggled with its population figures until they soared to an estimated number close to three hundred thousand. It be-

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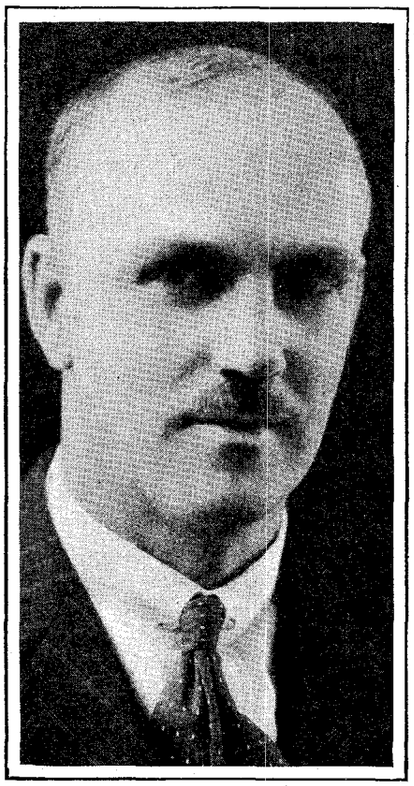
gan to talk a Canadian *patois* of Los Angelican. The war came along, and called away the flower of its young men, but it still further boosted the price of the raw products of western Canada. And after the war Winnipeg—just like many another municipal joy-rider across the border—kept booming right ahead on high. There was plenty of money, and everybody had a good time. Not a golf course or a bathing beach within a radius of fifty miles that hadn't a good macadam road to it. The farmers wore silk shirts and everybody bought a motor car. Then things began to happen—one thing of cardinal import to Winnipeg. Wheat began to move west to the Pacific.

Remember that Winnipeg was built—not inflated—on the substantial basis of wheat. Wheat was the reinforcement on which the concrete municipal structure was built up. The most supportable of Winnipeg's many superlatives was "biggest grain center in the world."

Very well then; somebody—some big shipper of wheat—discovered the Panama Canal, and he and his co-discoverers found a use for the superabundant shipping which the war hatched like salmon spawn on the rivers and bays of the American continent. It was found that wheat could be moved more cheaply from the Canadian Northwest to Vancouver, and thence by cargo steamer through the Canal to Europe and the Atlantic seaboard than by rail through Winnipeg eastward to the Atlantic ports. Through the Pacific port of Vancouver alone last year more than fifty-five million bushels of Canadian wheat were shipped. Other millions of bushels found their way by specific gravity over the Canadian National Railways to their more northern Pacific port at Prince Rupert. The trend of the grain fields of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and western Manitoba is now towards the Pacific, where, in addition to the cheaper competitive haul to Europe and the eastern seaboard of the United States, the markets of both the east and west coasts of South America and those of the Orient hold out tempting prospects.

On a map of Canada Winnipeg will be found almost exactly on the middle line of longitude between Vancouver and Prince Rupert on the Pacific and Montreal on the St. Lawrence estuary, the largest Canadian port on the Atlantic seaboard. Its situation has made it until recently the normal and natural distributing center for trade moving east and west. Its growth and prosperity followed the tides of this latitudinal trade. Eastward of Winnipeg the great mineral wealth of Ontario finds its natural outlet through its own ports on Lake Superior or by rail either to the Maritime Province of Quebec or to the markets of the eastern United States. The tariff on Canadian grains protectively imposed by the American Congress shuts off former bulk shipments southward through Winnipeg to the big milling centers of Minnesota and the Middle West. And now, with the drift westward away from Winnipeg of Canada's biggest market-seeking commodity, the city has found itself in a fair way to become economically marooned in the very midst of plenty.



On his way across the American continent George Marvin found few men as interesting as Winnipeg's war hero Mayor. This is R. H. Webb, a man who reads the signs of Winnipeg's prosperity in the northern skies

This phase in the life of the Chicago of Canada is rather amusingly symbolized by the old Countess of Dufferin asleep among her flowers. In the late summer she seemed to set the tempo of the town. An aftermath of flags and bunting told of the recent passing of Field Marshal Haig, and the City Hall was nightly lit up with festooned electric lights of many colors strung there in devices to do him honor. But, by contrast to Vancouver and Calgary, Seattle, or Minneapolis, the town seemed weary of shows, tired of oratory, sunk in a lassitude which contrasted agreeably with the vainglory and fret of other more booming localities. There are just two streets in Winnipeg: Main Street and Portage Avenue. On or adjacent to those two thoroughfares, intersecting at right angles, the commercial life of the city concentrates. A hundred yards off either one of them you might be in Sardis or Pompeii; the buildings are intact, but no human beings enter or leave or tenant them and the atmosphere is archæological. The two main arteries of business are decorously busy by day, but at night they are as nearly deserted as the huge manorial hotels and the spacious memorial stations of the two great trunk railroads which have built, and are still building, western Canada. Early in the evening, when The Outlook's representative transferred his kit from the Canadian Pacific to the Canadian National Railway, with some time to spare, he was making his way on foot through the moonlit silence of Main Street, "whence all but he had fled." On this silence broke the even clumpety-clump of horses' feet smacking the asphalt, and, looking up, expecting to see the carriage of some personage, he beheld his own luggage—trunk, grip, and typewriter—sitting solemnly in banc, very snobbishly and entirely alone, driving in triumph to the baggage-room.

So much for the Countess of Dufferin. *Requiescat in pace.*

The door to the office of his Worship the Mayor of Winnipeg is locked; but an efficient, first line of defense secretary has his instructions, and in Winnipeg an appointment is an appointment. Beyond the outer defenses, manned and womaned by clerical and secretarial helpers, the Mayor sits in his official sanctum working on specifications which he will have to sign or reject that afternoon. A snow-drift of papers covers the table, the high windows are open on the green lawn of the garden, and his Worship, coast and waistcoat discarded and sleeves rolled up over a pair of mighty arms, bends over his job of waking up Winnipeg.

Mayor Webb is the antipodes of the Countess of Dufferin. He is entirely awake. In 1914 he volunteered in the first overseas contingent, and was promoted to lieutenant-colonel of infantry. After nearly five years of service, he came back to his home in Montreal without his right leg, but with the D. S. C. and four other decorations on the left breast of his uniform. The war veterans of Ontario and Manitoba are for him to a man. Less than three years ago, when in the general business depression one of the largest hotels in Winnipeg was about to go on the rocks, a group of stockholders persuaded Webb to take charge of it.

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In less than two years that caravansery was paying dividends and Webb had almost revolutionized the hotel-service standards of the city.

In 1919 a severe strike accentuated the hard times in Manitoba and, partly as a result of industrial unrest, a radical Labor candidate was elected to the Mayoralty. During his two terms of office things took no decided turn for the better in Winnipeg, and at the last election R. H. Webb, the new hotel salvager from Montreal, was put into the Mayor's office on a constructive, readjustment platform. Webb is not responsible for all the waking up that is going on in Winnipeg to-day, but he is identified with most, if not all, of the projected renaissance of a city which persists in considering itself the Chicago of Canada. Formerly the city grew and enriched itself on the meeting of east and west within its trade gates. The new Winnipeg that Webb is championing, keeping what it can of its strategic value of position along degrees of latitude, is looking now towards development north and south; southward to the Twin Cities of Minnesota and as far as Chicago and the central Mississippi Valley; northward to Port Nelson, on the shore of Hudson Bay.

Winnipeg's Main Street

In order to demonstrate the neighborhood of Minneapolis and St. Paul and, at the same time, direct general attention to the advantages of the new international highways built and building by the State of Minnesota and the Province of Manitoba, Webb got a number of prominent business men together and made a record motor-car foray across the border. Leaving Winnipeg at 3 A.M. of a July morning, they got into St. Paul at 2 P.M. that same afternoon—altogether too fast for comfort, as some of them had to admit. About two weeks later a delegation from the Twin Cities, including the Mayor of St. Paul and the Governor of Minnesota, returned the visit, still further emphasizing the new route and the new reciprocity.

Webb and Winnipeg and Manitoba want United States attention. They want tourists, immigrants, and investors, and they are getting all three. But Webb's big project, in which the neighboring United States will have an interest, his big dream, is northward. On school maps of the North American Continent the district "North of 53," a vast region of land and lake greatly exceeding the combined area of the United States and Alaska, is charted blank without detail. And in the minds and imaginations of those who can visualize geography at all the Hudson Bay regions remain a blank expanse of white, corresponding to the ice and snow under which they are currently believed to be buried.

His Worship, limping over to the big wall map in his office, points out the actual facts graphically represented by the most recent and accurate cartographers. There runs the solid red line of the Hudson Bay Railroad from the lakes northwest of Winnipeg to a point on the Nelson River, where a continuing dotted line indicates the ninety miles of survey which intervene between rail-head and the northern terminus of the line at Port Nelson, on the shore of Hudson Bay. From Port Nelson the red dotted line continues on across the salt inland sea that is called a bay and out through Hudson Strait to the North Atlantic. And printed in neat red type on the deep blue water, parallel with the dotted line, runs the legend: "Port Nelson to Liverpool 2,966."

"Of course the water is actually blue," says his Worship. "Hudson Bay is never frozen over. *Port Nelson is an open port all the year round!*"

With the school-book geography frozen waste of white etched in deep by years of hearsay evidence, you are incredulous of the animation traced on the Mayor's big map. But he has accredited history, governmental records, and his own personal experience to back up his statements. For two hundred years the Hudson Bay Company has been provisioning its posts in the Northwest Territories and Canada by ship through the bay that bears its name, and last year, in the work of building up at Port Nelson a rail and sea terminal, the Dominion Government sent thirty-eight heavy-laden steamships through the straits and across the great bay to the mouth of the Nelson River without mishap. The tide drops thirty-two feet from flood to low ebb along the shores of Hudson Bay, and the only man who tried to cross the mouth of the Nelson on the ice last winter fell through.

The significance of those little red numerals on the blue is explained by the Mayor. They mean that the wheat fields of the three western provinces and the Northwest United States, the inexhaustible mineral wealth of northern Minnesota, Ontario, and Manitoba, and the railroad and distributing center of Winnipeg are *1,500 miles nearer to Liverpool than is the port of Montreal or any one of the United States ports on the North Atlantic seaboard.*

On the many other reasons for Winnipeg's reawaking importance in the whole American scheme of things his Worship is fluent. On this dream of Winnipeg as a seaport and of Manitoba reborn into a maritime province he is eloquent. There

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are new pulp mills to talk about, the coming of new mining companies from the States and from England bound for the Manitoba extensions of the Ontario mineral ranges; fisheries are growing; and hydroelectric installation gives the city neighborhood more cheap power than it can use. These things and the standardized tourist jargon the Mayor passes over as he faces towards his map and, so he thinks, towards the future of Winnipeg.

A Training-School for Politicians

By FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

In which a scholarly Congressman describes a new school founded upon the revolutionary theory that government is part of the main business of life

A FAR-SEEING and generous business man recently contributed securities to the treasury of Syracuse University, in New York State, aggregating about a million dollars, the income from which is to be used to develop a new kind of school of political science. The school opened with an inaugural address by Elihu Root in October, 1924. The political philosophy and practical basis of this novel enterprise are worthy of National notice.

The school is founded upon the belief that politics and government are an important part of the main business of life. We are living under a comparatively new form of government which we call democracy. In the modern sense, it really did not begin until 1832 with the passage of the Reform Bill in England. At almost the same time Andrew Jackson was leading the march of modern democracy in this country on foot up Pennsylvania Avenue from Gadsby's Hotel to the Capitol, where he was to be inaugurated as the seventh President of the United States. And when Jackson mounted his horse and rode back to the White House there followed him—in every form of transportation known to the times—barbarian, Scythian, bond, and free, from all over the Union. That was less than one hundred years ago.

Let Us Have Science and Government

GOVERNMENT and political action are complicated and increasingly difficult to understand, especially so in this country, with our direct primaries and recalls and referenda and frequent electoral campaigns. The executive, legislative, and judicial processes are intricate—comparatively few intelligently master them; the business is technical, the processes involved, the machinery complex. The Government is in the hands of the people, and the people are not as well informed as they should be about the way the Government works. As yet even our public schools spend very little time in the consideration of the issues and business of citizenship—perhaps a single course for six months out of a full educational curriculum, under teachers who frequently know little about the subject. Yale University has been in existence nearly two hundred and fifty years, but has never had, I believe, a department of political science. Harvard and Columbia have done some creditable work within a relatively short time, and some of the Western institutions have done something; but we are still a long distance from taking government seriously in education.

The American people have the power of suffrage and help to make up what we call public opinion, which is the most important governmental force in the United States. At crises the people have done extraordinarily well, in spite of the handicaps. But, as the country grows older and the business of self-government becomes more difficult, it is necessary that the mass of the people understand with reasonable thoroughness the processes of political action; if they do not, they are not real makers of public opinion; they are only subjects for demagogues and propagandists to work upon—so much material for mob agitation. If the people are to go straight, they must have accurate information; not propaganda, not prejudiced points of view, but facts. A professedly democratic country rocked by the selfish or one-sided propaganda of classes and biased interests and organized minorities is a dangerous country to live in. It is dangerous to human rights, and in the long run it is exceedingly dangerous to property rights and to orderly human progress.

Next to an informed intelligence on the part of the mass of the people, popular government needs well-trained leaders. The American people owe much to great leaders, particularly in the early period of our nationality. That we have had them at all in the last fifty years, since we plunged with all our energy into vast industrial expansion, is more a tribute to Providence and the naturally good human stuff in the American people than to anything else.

In the last fifty years we have fallen into the habit of depreciating and belittling the men who really make a study of public questions and fight our battles in public affairs. It has been quite the fashion to look upon the field of government as a foul area from which decent persons might better keep away. The so-called best people drew their immaculate robes about them and boasted about their aloofness from the filth and mire of politics and public affairs. It required the sacrifice of men like Root and Roosevelt and Cleveland and Wilson to break down the vogue of this particular cult in our modern National life. And, while the so-called best people may not have much to do with our Government and politics even now, at least they do not brag about it as they used to do. We are coming to realize the tremendous importance of good government.

Majority Rule No Panacea

THE hope of popular government is not that it is a government by majorities. Majorities can be both ignorant and tyrannical, like minorities. Democracy is self-government. The hope of popular government is that it may become rooted in self-government, "the government of the worst in every man by the best in every man." It is the part of the gifted leader in a democracy to rally the informed intelligence and kindness and generosity and virtue in a people to the attack upon the ignorance and prejudice and self-interest of a people. Individual and enlightened self-government and skilled leadership are the corner-stones of a successful democracy.

Another factor which modern government cannot function without is the trained specialist. A multitude of places in the public service of the country which are now manned by what we sometimes call job-holders should be filled by men and women with technical administrative

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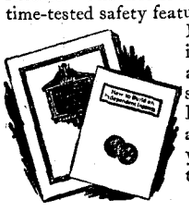

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knowledge. We will never have efficient government until they are so filled. The same thing is true of international affairs. It is only recently that the United States has given itself to a deep consideration of international relations, and we have only just begun to feel the lack of a sufficient number of trained persons who know what it is all about.

The Rarest of Species

THE trained specialist is as yet far from being the *persona grata* in the American democracy that he should be. We use some of the species in Washington, but we starve them and drive them out into private enterprise in order to feed their families. This lack of appreciation of the trained specialist is a part of our inheritance from the days of Andrew Jackson. The political philosophy of the new democracy which came into power with Jackson was that every man is as good as any other man, if not a little better, for any purpose of government. The fact is that behind every great task that turns out well for modern government is the trained specialist.

These be the three weaknesses of modern democracy: the lack on the part of the people of a knowledge of the difference that bad government makes in their lives and a lack of sufficient intelligent information about their own government; the lack of enough competent leaders in National, State, and municipal affairs; the lack of trained specialists in the problems of government and political action. These are structural weaknesses. And it is to perform one institution's part in the cure of these structural weaknesses that the new School of Citizenship and Public Affairs in Syracuse University was established. This first year of its existence there are twelve hundred young men and women enrolled in the school. Study of government and public affairs is made compulsory for freshmen and elective for classes above. The plan is to acquaint all freshmen in as simple a manner as possible with what government is and the way in which it works; to bring about an understanding and appreciation of the peculiar rights, duties, and inheritances of American citizenship; and to do this, not in the old, dry-as-dust, bookish fashion, but concretely, in terms of reality and human nature and practical sense.

The attempt is made to expose stereotyped and popular slogans which interfere with the operation of practical sense in public matters. The effort is made to show that the political order is made up essentially of human beings, and not simply of institutions and systems. Social psychology is the foundation of the course. With freshmen, emphasis is laid upon the simpler principles and operations, but also much upon political biography and autobiography, as revealing the motives and practices that lie back of political procedure. Advantage is taken of events of local, National, or international interest to bring political actualities home to beginning students. The dramatic staging of conventions, conferences, primaries, and party committees; the presentation of political plays like "Abraham Lincoln," "Robert E. Lee," "The County Chairman," or Ibsen's "Enemies of the People;" the utilization of National themes in English composition assignments and in public speaking; and, above all, the free discussion of current problems and issues of National life in Socratic quizzes week by week—these are the methods by which it is planned to permeate entering freshmen, and thus ultimately the whole student body, with a spirit of just and free and practical government.

Away with the Sawdust Dialect

THE study of political science has been too bookish. It has talked the sawdust dialect of forms and powers and rules. Government deals fundamentally, not with theories or logic, but with human nature. The problem of political progress, as Elihu Root has pointed out, is to find out, to control and combine and guide into the right path the infinite variety of prejudices and passions and interests and preconceptions and ignorances and follies and materialism and wisdom and kindliness and idealism of the great body of the people of the country. The new purpose in the school of political science at Syracuse is to inspire many thousands of college men and women to go out into life with a knowledge that makes it possible for them to act as centers of control in mob agitation, to combat demagogues, to know what questions to ask and what to do about it if the answer is not forthcoming; to baffle and displace those in the National community who are seeking to thwart normal human progress for their own ends by playing upon the prejudices and baser motives of mankind.

For the later years—the sophomore, junior, and senior—there are provided intensive studies of American government and political action which young men and women who desire to prepare themselves for possible leadership in public affairs may enter upon with advantage. These include those methods and material which emphasize the development of a broad, well-founded judgment. The group discussions of the freshman

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year are continued in the later years with a wide latitude for debate upon controversial questions of the past as well as the present. The sources are the important state papers, the Presidential and gubernatorial messages, the great debates of American history, vivified by an animated discussion after the manner of the case system in the study of law. Students are expected to attend and report upon public meetings of the city Council, the Board of Supervisors, courts, and other public bodies and organizations. The effort will be made to help successive college generations to know how to assemble and analyze those material facts which lie at the basis of government, to think in terms of public affairs, to express themselves well on paper and on their feet; and to go out among their fellow-citizens and bring reasonable things to pass. The development of the trained specialist is provided for by graduate work upon problems of governmental administration and research.

No Place for Amateurs

THE theory of the school is that self-government is a thing which must be thoroughly learned, and learned through practical study in the public school as well as the higher educational ranges. Also it is believed to be desirable to bring home to the youth of America the great truth that in government and political action the long look behind is fully as important as the long look ahead; that it is best not to move too fast, but rather to build on what men have learned in toil and tears.

This is an important experiment for the country, and in its essential method is worthy of imitation far and wide, in the public schools as well as in the colleges. We are committed to this blundering, awkward form of government which we call democracy. All that we are sure of is that it works better than monarchy or oligarchy or aristocracy or any other form that has hitherto been tried. Human progress has been very nearly shipwrecked under other kinds of government than democracy. The difference has been graphically portrayed in a parallel attributed to the Federalist Fisher Ames in commenting upon monarchy and democracy, respectively. "Monarchy," said he, "is like a merchantman. You get on board and ride out of the harbor and upon the sea in safety and elation; but by and by you strike a reef and down you go. Democracy is like a raft. You never sink, but, dammit, your feet are always in the water." If there is any way of making inevitable democracy more comfortable, that way ought to be found.

This "holy man" of India—reclining on a bed of nails—may look ridiculous to you. But India, with thirty centuries of history, does know religion as a fundamental of human life. That is something for Americans to think about!

Contents of November ASIA

THE WHITE BOOMERANG IN CHINA. The patronizing superiority of the white man has amazingly produced a united China to resist white injustice. Harry F. Ward cuts to the roots of the trouble.

ABD EL KRIM'S GENIUS BROTHER tells the secrets of Riffi power in Vincent Sheean's astonishing account of his life behind the Riffi lines. The one big story that has come out of the Riff. And a German Robin Hood, a raider of the desert—with five Arab wives—relates his unbelievable exploits.

A LAUGHTER-LOVING EAST reveals a surprise.

THE DRAMA OF THE SEA—the sea of idyllic Samoa with its booming blow-hole geysers and its animal life is told in the story of how the Flahertys made their Samoan film—successor of their "Nanook of the North."

ELEPHANTS A-PILING TEAK, ruled by a female leader of the herd who trains rebellious recruits in her own regime of wicked discipline, furnishes a rare story of animal intelligence.

LUSTROUS BEAUTY OF GOLD AND LACQUER IN SIAM—a dream of kings in luxurious splendor—shines from rare choices out of Siam's temples and palaces.

CHINA THROUGH A PINHOLE gives a look that shows the common sense in the way the Chinese do things "upside down."

HAWAII IN LANGUOROUS PACIFIC TRADE WINDS, beckons temptingly when Elizabeth Dunbar tells of perfect bliss on a dollar a day.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Truly American Poetry

Reviews by ARTHUR GUITERMAN

CONTRARY to the theory of many critics and some poets, the best poetry is not that which displays the most extraordinary mental ingenuity and verbal acrobatics, but is everlastingly that which imparts the highest delight. This old truth is again coming to its own. Yet a well-known critic declared in a recent magazine article that the so-called "renaissance in American poetry," which began with so-and-so and such-a-one, had petered out. That "renaissance," which by no means began with the distinguished writers named in the article, is a progressive growth that burgeons aboundingly. Our true poetry was never so flourishing, and the best is yet to be. What is more, our poetry is becoming distinctively American, and that not because of conscious striving to write the great American poem, but for the heartening reason that our native birds are spontaneously singing, as their bills grew.

Here we have John G. Neihardt contributing "The Song of the Indian Wars"[1] as the third volume in his bravely ambitious project of "an epic cycle of the West." This new poem tells, in fourteen episodes, the tale of the struggle for the great bison pastures west of the Missouri that began at the close of the Civil War and ended in 1890. It is a splendid tragedy of the inevitable conflict between settler and nomad, brilliant with the heroism of both red and white. Mr. Neihardt's Red Cloud, Man Afraid, Spotted Tail, Sitting Bull, and Crazy Horse are no cigar-store Indians, savage fiends, or noble bronze statues, but men revealed as men in peace and war, men whose lives you can relive, whose hearts you can enter and share. Their motives are made plain, their speeches in council are natural, trenchant, and convincing, even when,

> Said Sitting Bull, his voice now low and tense:
> "What better time, my friends, for going hence
> Than when we have so many foes to kill?"

The story of the Forsyth Fight on Beecher's Island is vividly told, as is that of the battle on the Piney, where a handful stood off the hordes of Red Cloud until relief came, and—

> the long blue skirmish line
> Swept down the hill to join the twenty-nine
> Knee-deep in arrows.

Mr. Neihardt handles his iambic pentameter couplets with rare skill, entirely avoiding the monotony which so often is the curse of long poems in that form. His tale is told with warm sympathy and fiery vigor, with great beauty of description and simple, appropriate imagery. Thus we behold the great Indian council beginning at—

> The time when, ere the stars may claim the dark,
> A goblin morning with the owl for lark
> Steals in;

and concluding when—

> Day arose
> A spear-length high.

This poem, I hope against hope, will win the author the award of a Pulitzer prize; and I further hope that, if it finds such deserved fortune, the verdict of the discriminating judges will not be set aside by the powers behind the scenes.

Indians and Western scenes again play a large part in Lew Sarett's "Slow Smoke;"[2] and again you need have no special interest in either the red man or his surroundings to be captivated by the charm of the book, although its descriptive passages must have added meaning for those who also have camped beside pools,

> Clear-hued as brimming morning-glories, placid,
> Save when a trout would put a slow round kiss
> Upon the water.

Mr. Sarett writes of what he knows and feels, and with full power of communication. The tragic story of the old squaw, Tamarack Blue, the epilogue on the wicked city of Altyn, and the portraits of council chief, medicine-man, Indian maid, half-breed, sheep-herder, and trader, with their backgrounds, are vivid and true; and there is much loveliness in the Indian chants and prayers, especially in the "Chant for the Moon-of-Flowers."

By way of contrast, the author flings in this sardonic—

REQUIEM OF A MODERN CRŒSUS

> To him the moon was a silver dollar, spun
> Into the sky by some mysterious hand; the sun
> Was a gleaming golden coin—
> His to purloin;
> The freshly minted stars were dimes of delight
> Flung out upon the counter of the night.
> In yonder room he lies,
> With pennies on his eyes.

While there is not one single Indian in Stephen Vincent Benét's "Tiger Joy,"[3] the book is dominated by such other native institutions as pioneers, mountain fiddlers, and coastwise pirates. "The Ballad of William Sycamore" is that rarity, a right good ringing ballad with nearly every line simple, strong, compact, and suggesive, as all true ballad lines should be, down through the old pioneer hero's valedictory stanza:

> Go play with the towns you have built of blocks,
> The towns where you would have bound me!
> I sleep in my earth like a tired fox,
> And my buffalo have found me.

"The Mountain Whippoorwill," which is a Georgia ballad of "how Hill-Billy Jim won the great fiddler's prize," shows a remarkably keen and lively sense of rhythm. "The Hemp" and the other piratical ballads are well done, but a bit too dime-novelish and melodramatic. Mr. Benét still keeps a youthful tigerish joy in gore, like Toddy in "Helen's Babies," who, you will remember perhaps more accurately than I, delighted in the story of David and Goliath wholly because at the climax, "David's sword was all bluggy, an' Goliaf's head was all bluggy, an' there was blug, blug, blug!" But then, you know, it isn't real blood, only red ink. As for that prize-winning ballad, "King David," it is skillful but ignoble. The Biblical David in his heroism, his crime, and his remorse is a grander and more human figure than the Malory-Tennyson Lancelot, and one may conjecture that he would be treated with more respect by modern poets if he didn't suffer from the disadvantage of being in the Bible.

From his earlier volumes and also

[1] The Song of the Indian Wars. By John G. Neihardt. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

[2] Slow Smoke. By Lew Sarett. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

[3] Tiger Joy. By Stephen Vincent Benét. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.75.

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from among previously uncollected pieces the author has chosen for preservation the sixty-seven titles now included in the "Selected Poems of Charles Hanson Towne."[4] Like Francis Thompson, the theme of his introductory verses, Mr. Towne remains essentially "the quiet singer," even in his most ambitious and best-known poem, "Manhattan," with its effective mingling of soliloquy, narration, description, and song. So the beauty in his work is a quiet, unostentatious beauty like that of his quatrain,

SILENCE

I need not shout my faith. Thrice eloquent
Are quiet trees and the green listening sod.
Hushed are the stars, whose power is never spent;
The hills are mute—yet how they speak of God!

The appeal of Miss Babette Deutsch's second collection, "Honey Out of Rock,"[5] is to the intellect rather than to the heart. Revealing a keen, educated mind and a sensitive spirit inclined to melancholy musings, a cultivated taste for pomegranates, bergamot, and bloomy plums, and a patent cognizance of old ivory, mosaics, jades, lapis lazuli, tapestries, green bowls, and other colorful articles of virtu dear to the imagists, it is sure of being amply praised by responsible critics. Wherefore I feel the freer to confess that it commands my esteem without stirring my enthusiasm, that it leaves me not unappreciative, but cold.

Aside from the merits of his work, there is something fine in the courage with which Alfred Noyes maps out wide realms to conquer for the domain of poetry. In the plan of his trilogy, "The Torch-Bearers," he has taken all science for his province. As the first volume of the trilogy, "Watchers of the Sky," dealt with the great astronomers, so the second, "The Book of Earth,"[6] tells of the revealers of creation through evolution, from Pythagoras and Aristotle down through Darwin and Huxley. A certain tendency toward literalness, a conscientious desire to get in all the facts, continue to lead Mr. Noyes into prolixities and anticlimaxes. He would be a better or more effective poet if he were something more of an editor. But his daring in putting into blank verse even the meeting at the British Association and the debate on evolution between Huxley and Bishop

[4] Selected Poems of Charles Hanson Towne. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.
[5] Honey Out of Rock. By Babette Deutsch. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.
[6] The Book of Earth. By Alfred Noyes. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.50.

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Wilberforce proves him of the right bulldog breed and enforces respect. And, on the whole, he gets away with it. Through narrative and comment runs the author's own fervent belief definitely expressed in the concluding lines:

New every morning the creative Word
Moves upon chaos. Yea, our God grows young.
Here, now, the eternal miracle is renewed
Now, and for ever, God makes heaven and earth.

It is a book that may be recommended to both evolutionist and anti-evolutionist; and one need not be ardent in either camp to enjoy the many fine lines and such passages as those that portray that sweet old naturalist Linnæus.

Any single stanza from the first poem in Margaret Widdemer's new volume, "Ballads and Lyrics,"[1] would suffice to show why the reading of her books is an unqualified pleasure. Here is the fourth stanza:

There are lovely words:
Peace, Regret, Delight,
One is like a white image
Against a velvet night,
One is like a slim girl
Shrouded and bowed,
One is like a leaping child
Laughing out loud.

Every image is true, unforced, and convincing, and the verbal music is perfect. Even in her occasional verses of satire and protest Miss Widdemer never forgets to be a poet.

[1] Ballads and Lyrics. By Margaret Widdemer. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.75.

Fiction

DARK LAUGHTER. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

Mr. Anderson's new story gains a firm hold on one's imagination despite the fact that readers may close the book without a definite idea of its essential meaning. That it is more powerful than its predecessor, "Many Marriages," is generally conceded. The "dark laughter" is that of the singing, chuckling, care-free sub-chorus of Negroes, just outside the scene of action. But why "dark"? The Negro accompaniment is cheerful enough; the laughter is that of primitive naturalism, irresponsible, animalistic. Perhaps what Mr. Anderson is suggesting (he certainly is not trying to *teach* anything) is that primal passion is pretty near the surface with all of us. His newspaper man, Bruce, is as morally irresponsible as the Negroes. He has a vague impulse, never fulfilled, to write out of his heart instead of reporting local news; he leaves his commonplace wife because she gets on his nerves; he goes to work painting wheels; he accepts the love of a married woman, just as she gives herself to him, casually and after seeing her only two or three times. Contrasted are quaint Sponge Martin and his wife, common as common can be, who get drunk and go fishing together all their elderly lives with faithful if vulgar attachment. The idea shown reversely seems to be that the more passion gets away from the primitive, the more somber its victims become and the less spontaneous and the more respectable their conduct. Granted; but what of it? the reader asks. A moralist might deduce the value of restraint and respect for the rights of society. Nothing is farther from the intention here. The author simply shows certain people and certain things as he sees them. If the disclosure shocks us in its naturalistic expression, so much the worse for us. "That's how it was, anyway," the author seems to say, and Bruce declares, "What a jumble, what a mixed, unaccountable thing life could be!"

SOMEWHERE SOUTH IN SONORA. By Will Levington Comfort. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

A capital story of Mexico and Arizona. It has action and peril, but it has also imagination and it renders character truly. Bert, a New York boy, is laughed at when he longs for the Western cow country, and at first he does find more Fords than cows there. But there are bandits aplenty in old Mexico, and Bert has his fill of adventure.

SEA LAVENDER. By S. F. Gowing. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

A lightly romantic tale. The charming Lavinia Lavender conceals an escaped convict (innocent, as most convicts of romance are) and with him and his wartime chums sets up "Lavender's Beach Pierrots," in which he is the lady-star and she the manager. His twin brother is the real criminal, and when he comes under the influence of Lavinia he joyfully takes his innocent brother's place in jail. Lavinia doesn't marry her "convict," but a nice elderly admiral—why, Heaven knows. There is a delightful retired prize-fighter in the story; why didn't Lavinia marry him if it was absolutely necessary to dodge the conventional ending? Amusing, but not well planned.

RUBEN AND IVY SEN. By Louise J. Miln. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.

Readers who found Oriental glamour in the author's two Chinese romances, "The Shantung Garden" and "Mr. and Mrs. Sen," will like to follow this new story, in which appears the old theme of the consequences of mixed marriages.

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Here the son and daughter of a Chinese father and English mother react conversely to their mixed racial descent. The story is readable and well told.

THE IRON CHALICE. By Octavus Roy Cohen. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

A desperate man agrees with a big crook to postpone his suicide for a year, insuring his life for a large sum in favor of a wife provided by the crook. That is an original invention, but more—much more—is needed to make a good novel. We like better Mr. Cohen's darky stories.

SYCAMORE BEND. By Frazier Hunt. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

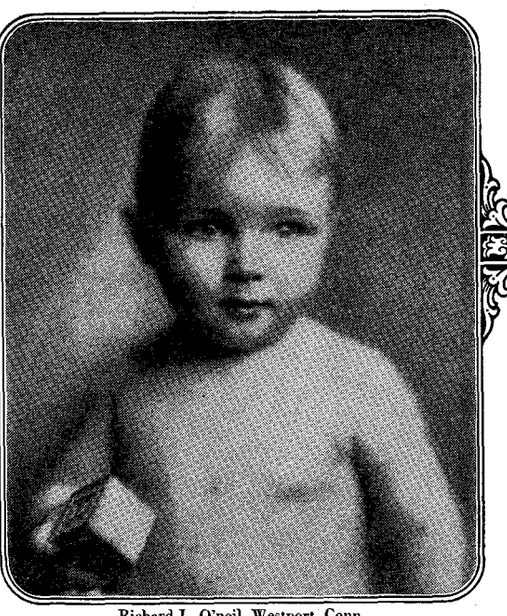
A country town and its country editor are all too faithfully described. The atmosphere and depiction are true, but the story lingers too long in the telling. When the country editor tackles journalism in the big city, the interest quickens somewhat. "Nice but sluggish," will be the reader's verdict.

THE CHICKEN-WAGON FAMILY. By Barry Benefield. The Century Company, New York. $2.

To steer safely a true course between sentimentalism and aridity is a test hard to meet. Mr. Benefield makes us see and like this little family who drive their chicken-wagon from Louisiana to New York and set up life in an old fire-engine house. With them comes a newspaper man, who relates the tale. With his aid they actually buy their queer home, take boarders, and, after Father Tippany buys and sells second-hand bathtubs by the hundred, they prosper and flourish. All this is simple and sound in sentiment. The latter part, in which the newspaper man, sacrificing his own love for the father's daughter, takes over, so to speak, a bad lady who is vamping Father Tippany, is too melodramatic to fit in with the pleasing charm of the beginning. But the end is happy.

THE MARRIAGE GUEST. By Konrad Bercovici. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

Mr. Bercovici's short stories have been so brilliant, so rarely otherwise than completely satisfying, that it would be a pleasure to welcome his first novel with undiluted praise. Praise indeed it deserves; his pictures of the Little Germany of New York's East Side as it used to be are admirable, especially that of Anton Zwenge, the violin repairer, and his little circle—the baker, the shoemaker, and others of the older men whose pride and joy by day is in the honest achievement of their hands and by night in their *Gesangsverein,* where they sing good songs, drink good beer, and enjoy good fellowship. Admirable too is the family tragedy when Anton, faithful and patient worker with a musician's soul, who never earns, nor cares



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to, more than his twenty dollars a week, is both figuratively and literally ousted from his place by his practically progressive wife, who sets up a shop for the sale of cheap music and cheap instruments, which he despises only the more when it overpoweringly succeeds. But the pivotal theme of the story is inherently repulsive, and would remain so even were Mr. Bercovici more reticent in dealing with its disagreeableness than he has unfortunately felt it necessary to be.

SAMUEL DRUMMOND. By Thomas Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Soundly wrought, simple, serious, sincere, this presentation of the life of an Ohio farmer in Civil War times is a novel to command the critic's immediate respect. Less immediately, perhaps, it may win the appreciation of the average careless and hasty novel reader, for Samuel is a slow-minded, commonplace man, hero only in that he is capable of heroic toil, and neither is his love story prettified into an idyll nor his troubles emphasized into tragic gloom. A good and true book, of quiet but steadily increasing interest.

Essays and Criticism

CHARLES DICKENS, AND OTHER VICTORIANS. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.

The good Sir Arthur has given us another book, and a very fine book it is. These papers, with one exception, were given as the Edward VII Lectures in English Literature at Cambridge last year, and have been reprinted exactly as delivered—omitting only requests to the janitor to close the windows. Treating of Thackeray, Trollope, and such a strangely assorted pair as Disraeli and Mrs. Gaskell, the book is mainly, as the title suggests, concerned with Dickens, and Sir Arthur approaches the great Victorian with almost the enthusiasm of Chesterton on the same subject—tempered, of course, with such reticence as becomes a Fellow of Jesus.

"Yet if it comes to the mere wonder-work of genius—the creation of men and women on a page of paper, who are actually more real to us than our daily acquaintances, . . . I do not see what English writer we can choose to put second to Shakespeare save Charles Dickens." Here is a statement which will raise many eyebrows in the coming months, but one which we are scarcely fitted to deny, for, granting his original premise, our own feelings would accept it utterly.

Furthermore, he goes a long way toward disarming those who do not see eye to eye with him by raising little objection to the critical brickbats which have been thrown at Charles Dickens:

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"The opening chapter of 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' which I suppose to be about the sorriest piece of writing ever perpetrated by a great English writer." "His plots are not merely stagey, melodramatic—they are seen to repeat themselves with an almost singular lack of invention." He also makes proper apology for most of "Oliver Twist" and Dickens's theatricality, after which he shows with a few quotations what the man *could* write, the man who created the strange, impossible, fantastic world of his novels, and filled it with a host of such deathless people as Pickwick, Micawber, the Marchioness, Sam Weller, Fagin, and Little Dorrit, and then supports his own opinions by citing Tolstoy, Chesterton, George Gissing, Swinburne, and Saintsbury.

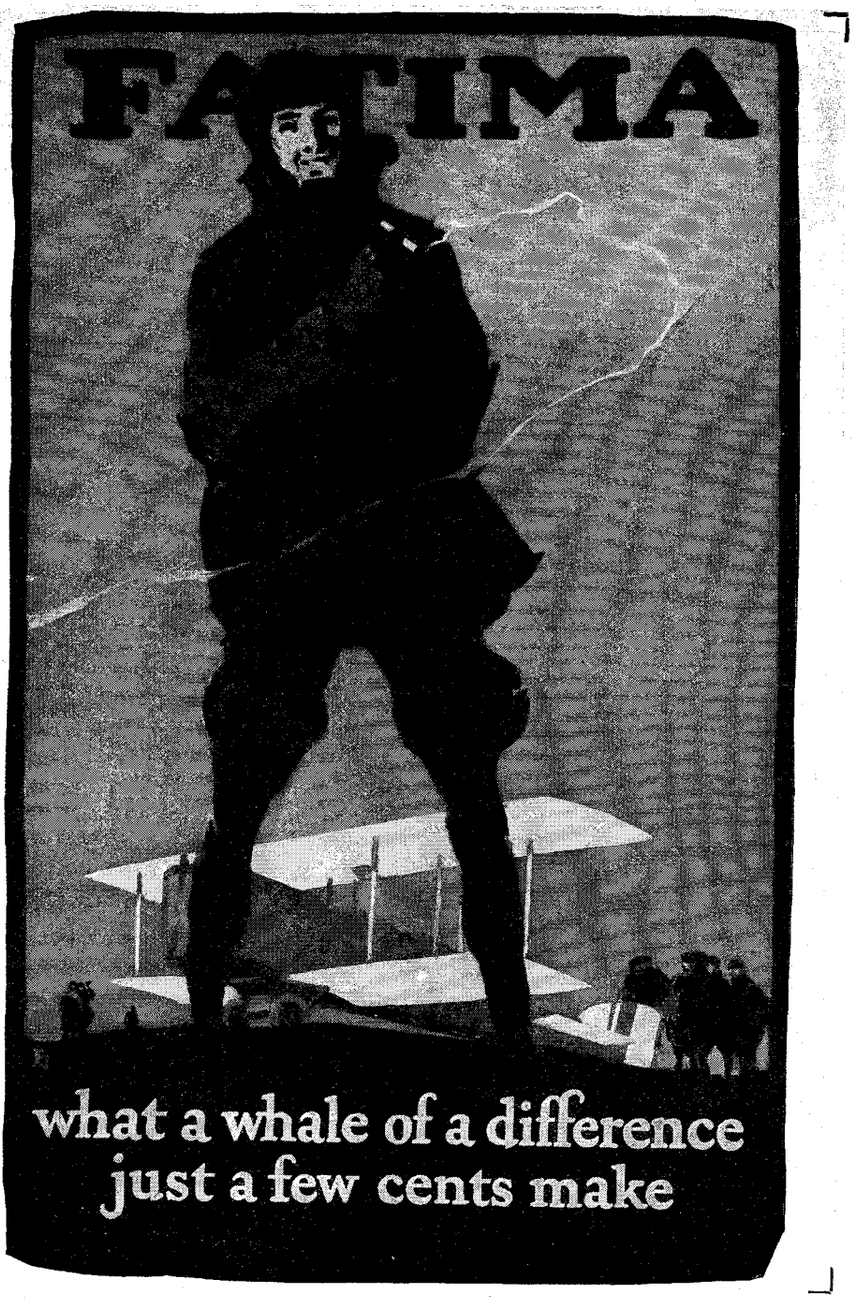
To Thackeray he is not so kind. He finds him snobbish, over-inclined to preachiness, and occasionally cruel; but to his style and to the music of his prose he is more than fair. After offering a generous portion of the marvelous stuff to be found in "Vanity Fair," he adds: "He was a great melancholy man, with his genius running in streaks, often in thin streaks about him, but *always*, when uttered, uttered in liquid lovely prose."

Of Quiller-Couch's own prose it would not be amiss to say a word. His is a style touched with an old-fashioned preciousness which is often amusing, and occasionally annoying, but it is a rhythmic style, and a distinguished style, which is refreshing to one grown weary of the carefully cultivated vulgarity which infests modern American critical writing. Although the prophet Samuel would seem to be a defender of one of the editors of the "American Mercury" when he says, "And it came to pass that night that the word of the Lord came unto Nathan" (2 Samuel vii. 4), we often find Mr. Nathan transmitting that word in a language sadly at variance with that of King James's commentators. Quiller-Couch, on the other hand, has traveled so long with the tall ships of literature that he seems to have caught a trifle of the wind that fills their sails.

Biography

FURTHER REMINISCENCES, 1864–1894. By S. Baring-Gould. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

The reverend author of this could have written books forever—and very nearly did so. He was a lively, vigorous, and apparently rather overbearing parson of the Anglican Church, interested in everything on the face of the earth, especially in his own Devon, and capable of writing in an interesting fashion about it. In addition to hymns ("Onward, Christian Soldiers," was one), novels, and books



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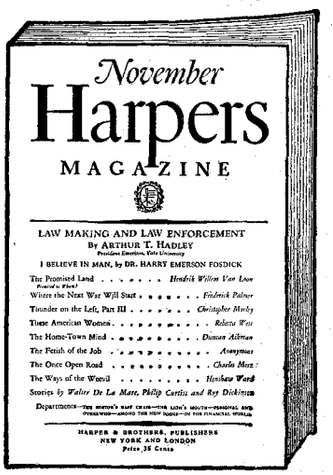
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about folk-lore, he wrote several books of recollections. There are reminiscences of his life in his English parishes and of his European travels. Open the book anywhere, and you will find something odd and entertaining: "The white owl does not hoot, but snores." Or a reference to a time when the author fell off his pony as a result of drinking too much methegelin.

SOCIETY WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE'S TIME. By Violet A. Wilson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

Here are ladies—"learned women like Lady Russell; clever stateswomen as Lady Raleigh and Lady Warwick; vengeful women like Lady Shrewsbury and Lady Somerset; a devout one in Lady Hoby, and a devoted mother in her sister-in-law, Lady Sidney. Beautiful, vivacious Lady Rich, impetuous Lady Northumberland; humble wives, defiant wives, gentle docile wives like Lady Southampton and Lady Essex." The conduct of some seems to justify John Knox's First Blast against the "monstrous regiment of women," while others uphold Miss Wilson's commendation of the Elizabethan period as "the truest, wisest, greatest era of womanhood." Perhaps Shakespeare did owe much of his inspiration in depicting womanhood to the living models whom he saw, from near or far, at Elizabeth's Court. The thesis does not add materially to the interest of an enjoyable book, and, when it does appear, seems rather often to have been lugged in by the ears. The brief chapter on Lady Essex and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury introduces the interesting figure of Mrs. Turner, who ruined the fashion of wearing yellow ruffs, as Mrs. Manning (literally) did for black silk, merely by being hanged in them.

Notes on New Books

FRANCE FROM SEA TO SEA. By Arthur Stanley Riggs. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.50.

THE STRATAGEMS AND THE AQUEDUCTS OF ROME. By Julius Frontinus. The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

THE SCRIPTORES HISTORIÆ AUGUSTÆ. Translated by David Magie. The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

LUCIAN. Translated by A. M. Harmon. The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

THE HISTORIES. Vol. IV. By Polybius. The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

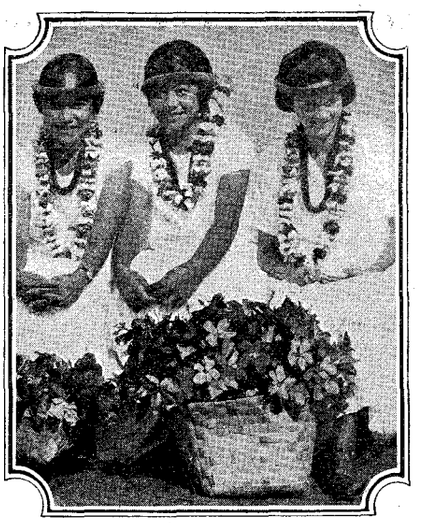
PLATO WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION. Vols. III and IV. Translations by W. R. M. Lamb and Harold N. Fowler. The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50 each.

EVOLUTION FOR JOHN DOE. By Henshaw Ward. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $3.50.

A simple explanation. Intended especially for those who think that "evolution means that man is descended from monkeys."

FIRST THROUGH THE GRAND CANYON. By Major J. W. Powell. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

A record of the first exploration of the Colorado River in 1869-70.



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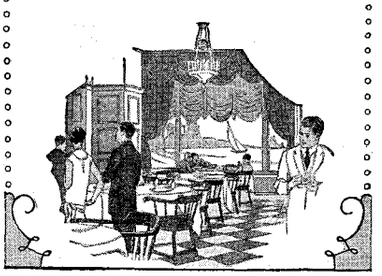

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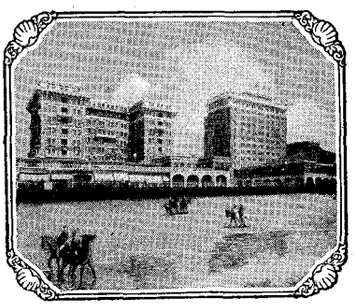

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"Tarpaulin Muster"

By BILL ADAMS

I NEVER met him till to-day. We sat talking at the dinner table when the telephone rang.

"I'd like to see ye, shipmate," came a voice unknown to me.

He had started to walk to me from many miles away, taking rides as they were offered.

The page almost touching his nose, he sits reading behind my chair. His sight is almost gone. His left leg is outstretched. When he rises, it will be some moments ere he can walk without pain. His leg is swollen to nearly twice its natural size, wide white scars from knee to ankle. He is toothless. His thick, rough curly hair is streaked with gray. His shoulders are immense, but his hands small. On the back of his right hand is tattooed a blue anchor.

The table is set again. He is hungry.

"Shipmate," said he when I found him at the street corner where he awaited me, "I've got to tell ye. I'm flat."

I said, "Tarpaulin muster!"

You know what a tarpaulin muster is, don't you? A sailor has a dime. Two sailors have a nickel.

He tells my wife how to make cracker hash, dandy funk, dogsbody, and strike-me-blind. When, forgetting the last, she refers to it as "smack-in-the-face," he leans back in his chair and chuckles. "That's a good one, shipmate," says he.

He talks of ship's pork coming green from the cask, of hardtack with weevils in it, and of moon-bows in the mists of far-away seas. We feel a dent in his head, where a mate once struck him with a belaying-pin.

He has sailed with Tam o' Shanter, Rob Roy, and Cutty Sark, in the days of tea and wool and clipper ships. When Bayard was becalmed for thirty days upon the line, he lost his teeth—scurvy. South of Cape Stiff he was knocked down and swept against a fife-rail by the sea. That was when his leg was broken. The skipper set it, a compound fracture; and, seeking for a better mend, they broke it again in Valparaiso. There was blood poison, and cutting, over and over, in a water-front hospital. Now and again he shifts uneasily—rheumatism.

He speaks of Marryat and Dana, of Russell, Bullen, Masefield, and Conrad.

The missis and the kid look at him, astonished. It is a steamy summer day. Beneath his wool shirt is a winter undershirt; above the shirt, heavy waistcoat and jacket. Green wool socks show under his woolen trousers. In a little bag upon my floor there lies his sole baggage —a fishing kit.

"Sing me a chantey, shipmate, for the old days' sake," I ask him, and he rises slowly. His breath is short and wheezy, his voice quavers; but his shoulders hunch, his old hands grip and haul.

"Ranzo was no sailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"

He sings a topsail to the masthead. The missis looks in from the kitchen.

He sits on my doorstep, tying a Spanish bowline, a masthead knot, the sheet and carrick bends.

"You ought to rig a mast, shipmate, with a couple of yards across, so we'd know where you live when we go by," says he.

When I ask how he sleeps of nights, he answers me, "Wake at eight bells, and maybe when the wind shifts, shipmate."

His face is close against the pages of the "Everlasting Mercy," held in a shaky hand on the back of which is the little blue anchor.

"Don't want to bother ye, shipmate. Just wanted to see ye."

It is night. He sleeps upon my couch. Ship bells are silent. Sea winds are still.

Three days are gone, and he is gone to cook for a farm-hand crew; to make johnny-cake and bergoo, to fry sow-belly and to boil beans.

One day I took him to the library. When they brought him "Iron Men and Wooden Ships," his eyes shone. Finding Cutty Sark pictured, he leapt to his feet with an excited cry.

I watched him about the street corner. Seated beside a farmer, he turned to wave a hand.

"Meet ye off the Horn, shipmate!" he shouted, while all the passers stared.

THIS afternoon I went out to see the sailor who dropped in on me so unexpectedly last week. I was anxious to see how he was getting along, cooking for a harvest crew. I found him living alone, in a little old tumble-down shanty beneath a big oak tree at the edge of a barley field. On one side the barley brushes his shanty. On the other is a slough where frogs croak and water snakes glide through the rushes. Red-wing blackbirds dart past his door. Buzzards wheel overhead. Mosquitoes hum in clouds. A rattlesnake slipped from my path.

The air shimmers above the dry white barley. The harvest crew is not yet come.

As I approached unseen, I saw the

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THE OUTLOOK

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sailor hobbling toward his shanty door, his great bowed shoulders bare. Heat in the windless river bottom-lands is terrific.

I saw him sit down upon the shanty step, and, so seeing him, saw him elsewhere—upon the fo'c's'le head of Cutty Sark, swift sailing down the trades. I saw the young lad at her wheel. I heard him sing her anchor in:

"Good-by, fare you well,
Good-by, fare you well,
Hurrah, my lads, we're homeward bound!"

I came to him, and, still unheard, unseen, looked over his old shoulder. Sensing me, he looked up, closing the book he held.

"Some yarn, ain't it?" said he.

I nodded.

"There ain't no one like him, is there, shipmate?" the old sailor said.

I shook my head.

The sailor of the Cutty Sark is out there alone to-night—yet not alone. He has for company the "Nigger of the Narcissus."

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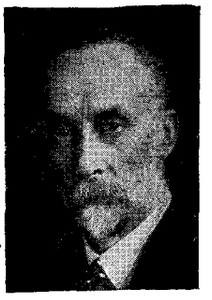

SPECIAL correspondence in this issue includes a London art letter from C. Lewis Hind, the English critic of art and literature who so frequently contributes to The Outlook. Mr. Hind is the author of a large number of books, his first appearing in 1898.

GREGORY MASON is a former member of The Outlook's staff and a contributor of long standing. He has been The Outlook's correspondent in Japan, Mexico, Russia, Germany, and during the World War.

GEORGE MARVIN on his eastward journey found the metropolis of Manitoba turning its eyes towards a new route to Europe. He tells of Winnipeg's adventurous dream in this issue of The Outlook.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN, whose last contribution to The Outlook was his widely quoted poem "Mizpah," reviews in this issue some of the recent work of his fellow-poets.

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